THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SPRING.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The scent of apple-blossoms fills
With odorous breath the summer air,
And song of robin clearly trills
Along the dusty thoroughfare.

The grassy lane with clover sweet,
That leads beyond the maple shade,
Invites the wanderer's lingering feet
Along the path the herd have made.

The slope whereon the white lambs graze
Is brightened by the morning sun,
That o'er the landscape briskly plays,
And gilds the day but just begun.

The rustic bridge across the stream
Looks picture-like; there oft is heard
The heavy tramping of a team,
Or the light carol of a bird.

And near the green and mossy grove,
Alive with song and rustling leaves,
Where maidens dream their dream of love,
And fancy fairest garlands weaves.

All nature throbs with its delights,
And that has speech which once seemed dumb;
Harmonious sounds the ear invites,
From voice of man to insect's hum.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. XI. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. GAWTREY'S LOZENGES.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
—*Shakespeare.*

Doris Carlyon had not seen, nor, indeed, had any one else noticed, what the sailor jumped overboard for. The whole thing had passed in a few moments, and the cause of it was known only to Ernest Dormer and the man who had done his bidding.

Doris greeted her cousin very briefly. Her face was very pale when she turned to him, and there was a set, hard look about her mouth.

"You here, Ernest?" she said.

"Even so."

"What brought you?"

"Business. What brought you at Southampton, on board the Atlanta?"

"Well, business too, after a fashion. Mr. Selwyn, you remember him, I dare say?"

"Yes."

"Is going to Australia, and auntie and I were wishing him good-bye, that is all."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure. Thank you, my man."

For the sailor, dripping like a huge water dog, had come on deck, and was tendering him something.

"Get your-self dried," he said, "and come to me in the cabin in half an hour. You shall have what I promised you."

"Thank you, sir."

"I shall not leave the ship; or, stay, I will give it to you now. Have you any gold about you, Doris?"

"Two or three pounds, I think."

"Lend them to me. He will like it better than a note; thanks. There you are, my man, you've done a good day's work for yourself."

"I have indeed, sir."

"Did he jump overboard for you, Ernest?" asked Miss Carlyon.

"He did."

"What for?"

"To pick up something I had lost—something I would have given a thousand pounds rather than parted with."

"You have made a rich man of him for a time at least. Are you going to stay on board?"

"Till the ship starts. I can see you ashore."

"Oh, no, thank you, we can take care of ourselves. We leave Southampton this evening. Will you dine with us at the Royal?"

"No, thank you, I must leave directly. I shall run down to the Grange very soon."

He saw them across the gangway, and bid them good-bye, and then returned to the ship. The rescued packet was not much the worse for its bath. It had been picked up so quickly that the water had not had time to penetrate the double wrapping of stout paper in which it was enveloped. It contained a small cardboard box wrapped in tin foil, and this was full of white lozenges. These were not hard, but soft and crystalized, and covered with a thick coating of powdered sugar. The vendor's name was on the box—"Gawtrey, Albemarle-street, Southampton."

"Bought here," he said to himself; "perhaps I have found a mare's nest, after all."

He went in search of Amphlett Selwyn, and entered into conversation with him. But the young surgeon, if he had flung away Miss Carlyon's proffered gift, would not break faith with her.

"He had heard of an eligible opening in Australia," he said; "and he had resolved to go. Miss Carlyon had been very kind in aiding him all she could. He had but just parted from her. Had Mr. Dormer seen her?"

Yes, Mr. Dormer had seen his cousin; and he bade Mr. Selwyn good-bye with many good wishes, and went to the cabin, where the agent was making up his books and arranging the money he had received from those who had paid on board.

"That's all, I think," he said, stretching himself, with a yawn. "You're pretty full, captain. Going, sir?"

"No, thank you, I am going ashore."

"Some one has been hard put-to to get away," said the captain, lifting one of the notes and looking at it; "some valuable thing or other has gone for this."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it's a new note, and it comes from Vanburgh, the pawnbroker; here's his private stamp on the corner. I know it, for I once had fifty pounds of him myself."

"And paid for it, I'll go bail," the agent said. "The man who paid me that didn't seem hard up. He'd a pocket-book full of them, all with that mark on the corner."

"Who was it?"

"Berth nineteen, first cabin—Amphlett Selwyn, surgeon," the agent said, referring to his list; and Ernest Dormer left the cabin, pondering much on what he had heard.

"Amphlett Selwyn suddenly hears of an opening in Australia," he thought, as he walked ashore. "My cousin Doris has such urgent need of money that she pawns jewels in secret to raise it, and gives him six thousand pounds, which she brings him herself. Then she wishes him good-bye, and gives him in the most friendly manner a specific for sea-sickness, which he declines to accept and flings into the sea. What does it all mean? Putting two and two together, I don't think I was very far wrong in spending that five pounds. Now, to find Albemarle-street and Mr. Gawtrey's establishment, and buy some more lozenges of him."

Albemarle-street was easily found—a broad, busy thoroughfare, full of fashionable shops. "Gawtrey's" was one of the most stylish—a restaurant, confectioner's, and general lounge for ladies especially. Dormer walked in, and up to a counter, where a tempting pile of pretty boxes of confectionery and glasses of crystallized fruit were presided over by a fashionable damsel, all false hair, sham lace, and Brummagem jewelry, who blandly inquired what he wanted.

"Some sweetmeats like these," he replied. "At least, I wish to know whether these were purchased here—the box bears your name."

"Oh, yes, that is one of our boxes," she said; "and bought here, of course. Those lozenges are to be had nowhere else. They are made expressly for our house."

"And always arranged precisely like these?"

"They are always arranged alike," she said, rather snappishly.

She was getting tired of being cross-examined by an unprofitable customer; but as she spoke she caught sight of the open box he held.

"Those are not our lozenges," she said, hastily.

"Be so good as to give me a box and allow me to compare them," he said.

She handed him a box and he opened it. The lozenges were the same—the dainty covering of lace paper was identical; but there was no sugar on those in the shop. They lay clear and sparkling in neatly arranged rows, with no trace of powder about them.

Mr. Gawtrey himself corroborated his shop-girl's assertion.

"There is never any loose sugar about these sweets," he said. "The ladies who mostly purchase them, and we sell a great many, would object to it as messy and spoiling their gloves. I sold that box myself to a lady last night, and it had no sugar in it then."

"Are you sure."

"Quite. The lady chose it herself out of a good many. It was the only one I had that color. It took her fancy."

Ernest Dormer made some other trifling purchase and left the shop, feeling sick at heart. What could the mysterious sugar be that had been added to the sweets since their purchase?

"I must and will find out," he said to himself, as he watched the trees and hedges out of sight as the express whirled by on its way to town.

It was ten o'clock when he reached London; but he could not wait till morning to have his doubts set at rest. He called the first hansom and jumped in.

"19 Saville Row," he said, "and drive fast."

The man did drive fast, and set him down at the house of one of the best known doctors in that medical locality, who was also a personal friend of his own.

"Master in, James?" he asked the servant, who opened the door.

"To you, sir," the man replied promptly. "I wouldn't answer for any one else."

"Tell him I'm here, then, and my business is pressing."

"Very good, sir."

In a very few minutes the doctor entered the cosy little room into which Ernest had been shown.

"It is you, then," he said, shaking him by the hand. "I thought James must have made a mistake. What on earth brings you here now, and in that disheveled trim? You look as though you had been knocking about for a week without going to bed."

"Only for a day. But now I think of it, I've eaten nothing, and I dare say I do look seedy. Give me a glass of wine and a biscuit, and then I'll talk to you."

"Have something more substantial than that."

"I couldn't eat."

"But as your medical man I order it," and he rang the bell as he spoke. "You will talk better afterwards. I hope nothing serious is the matter."

"I don't know. I want you to tell me."

But the doctor would not talk about anything till he had seen his friend refreshed; and when Ernest had eaten and drank he declared himself ready to listen to him.

"Not here then," was the answer. "Somewhere where we shall run no risk of a word being overheard."

"No one can hear in this room," the doctor said. "But come to my consulting room if you like, the doors are double there."

He rang and ordered lights, and they went to the room where the doctor saw his patients.

"Now then, Dormer, what is it?" he asked, when the door was shut and the curtain dropped inside of it.

"Murder."

"Murder!"

"Yes."

"Good heavens! Where?—Who?"

"No one, thank heaven; the means, as I believe, are in my pocket."

"What on earth do you mean?"

For answer Ernest Dormer took the two boxes out of his pocket and laid them open on the table.

"That is poisoned, I firmly believe," he said. "The person to whom it was given thought so too and flung it away. I want you to tell me for a certainty. You can in a few minutes."

"I can, of course, if you really think what you say. But whom do you suspect of such a diabolical way of poisoning any one? Was the intended victim a child that it was done in this way?"

"No, a man; but he has escaped, or I should not be in possession of that box. Do not question me, there's a good fellow. The affair touches me nearly."

"I don't want to be too inquisitive. The things look harmless enough," and the doctor wetted his finger up and dipped it in the sugar.

He was going to raise it to his lips when Ernest seized his hand.

"Don't, for God's sake," he said; "it is in that sugar that the mischief lies."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. Taste these if you will, but let that infernal stuff alone."

The doctor wiped his finger, and Ernest told him how he had been to Gawtrey's, and ascertained for a fact that the box had contained no loose sugar when it left the shop.

"We'll soon see," his friend said. "I hope, for the sake of whoever you suspect of this thing, that you are mistaken."

"I would give a thousand pounds to know I was."

The doctor took a glass from the cupboard in the wall and dissolved some of the sugar in a little distilled water. Then he took a bit of grayish looking paper and dropped it in.

"Watch it," he said, and even as he spoke the gray paper took a bright, beautiful color, and testified with mute radiance to the truth of Ernest Dormer's suspicions.

"You were right," the doctor said; "and I was beginning to think you were a little daft, as the Scotch people say."

"I wish I had been before this came to my knowledge. How long would that box full of lozenges have taken to kill a man?"

"That depends upon how rapidly they were eaten; if too quickly they might possibly have defeated their own object by acting as an emetic."

"Oh, the directions were explicit enough. They were given to a person on board ship as a specific against sea sickness. One was to be allowed to dissolve in the mouth every hour or so."

"And in three or four days at the outside the person would have died of sea sickness that nothing would stop. Such cases are not unfrequent," the doctor said. "Heavens! what diabolical ingenuity!"

"I am glad I know," said Ernest. "Will you give me a memorandum that you analysed this for me, and sign it? I shall never publish it, but I may want it."

The doctor did so, noting down every particular, with the date, and then Ernest Dormer thrust the box into the grate, where a fire was laid, and put a match to the shavings.

"You will let this be a secret between you and me," he said, "until I call upon you to speak."

And the doctor gave him his hand upon it, while they watched the pretty box that had taken the lady's fancy in Mr. Gawtrey's shop, burn to ashes with its tell tale contents.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ORANGE LETTER BAG.

It was some two months before Ernest Dormer fulfilled his promise of going to Kingcolm Grange. When he did so, Doris was inclined to be very wrath with him, and to indulge in half-angry banter about his non-appearance before.

"You have quite forsaken us, Ernest," she said. "I shall begin to think you are in love, and that some fine lady is taking up your time and attention."

"My time has been taken up," he replied, gravely; "but with no such frivolity as that."

"Frivolity! I am sure I always thought marriage a very serious thing. There's nothing frivolous about it, if one may believe all the married people one knows." She spoke lightly enough, but there was a nervous ring in her voice, and she was evidently afraid of her cousin. "What have you been doing with yourself?" she said. "You look as solemn as though you were qualifying for the pulpit instead of being an independent gentleman."

"I have been studying poisons for one thing."

"Poisons!"

He could see that the shot told. Her face turned deathly pale, though she controlled herself by a violent effort.

"Yes; I was interested accidentally in the science of secret poisoning. I stumbled upon a box of artfully prepared sweets—delicious lozenges, by the way—and being curious in the matter, I took them to a friend of mine for analysis."

"Where did you get them?"

"Oh, they fell into my hands by accident. I paid a good price for them, having my suspicions, and I was not mistaken. A man would have died in three days from the effects of the sugar with which they were covered."

"What a horrible subject to pursue. I had no idea you had such morbid tastes."

Her voice sounded hollow and harsh, even to herself, and she was fighting vehemently with her inclination to faint, scream—do anything but sit there with her breakfast before her, seeming calm and still.

She remembered it all now—the plunge of the sailor in the water, and her cousin's words when he came out. Ernest Dormer had seen the packet, and it had been rescued and placed in his hands by the sailor.

"What is he going to do?" she asked herself. "Is he going to publish the fact that his cousin—— Bah! he can do nothing. He holds no proof that I had aught to do with the contents of the box. Will he have peace or war? If he chooses the latter, he shall have it to the knife; if the former, well and good. I don't want to break with my friends."

"I don't think my tastes are morbid," he replied. "The subject was forced upon me. Did your *protege* get safely to Australia, Doris?"

"My *protege*!"

"Yes; the young surgeon—what was his name?"

"Oh, Mr. Selwyn. He was no *protege* of mine particularly. He came here occasionally in a professional way, that was all. No, I have not heard yet; but I am expecting to do so every mail."

The letter bag, with its complement of papers and letters, was brought in as she spoke, and an envelope bearing the Australian stamp was handed to her.

"You know the vulgar proverb," she said. "'Talk of the——'"

"Yes, I know. Talk of Mr. Selwyn, and you get a letter from him—is that it?"

"Exactly."

She handed the letters and papers to their respective owners, and with a slight apology to her cousin she opened Amphlett Selwyn's letter.

Ernest Dormer soon disposed of his correspondence, and Mrs. Bellew set herself deliberately to wade through a long, feminine-looking epistle she held in her hand.

When she saw Ernest take up a newspaper, Doris spoke.

"Are you interested in Mr. Selwyn?" she asked.

"I was."

"Then you will be glad to hear he is safely arrived in Melbourne. You can read his letter."

She tossed it towards him, envelope and all; but kept a small piece of paper in her hand. It was brief and business-like enough.

"MELBOURNE, August 10, 18—.

"MY DEAR MADAM:—In compliance with your very kind request, I hasten to inform you of my safe arrival in Australia, where you will doubtless be glad to hear I have every prospect of doing well. I suffered scarcely anything on the voyage. In the first newspaper I picked up in the colony I saw the enclosed advertisement, and by a strange coincidence met the man who had inserted it. He is a sort of detective, employed in private inquiries, and that sort of thing. His real reason for advertising is that the woman mentioned is suspected of murder. He says there isn't the shadow of a doubt; but, of course, they always hold out the bait of 'something to their advantage' in these advertisements. I send you the copy, because the somewhat uncommon name of the man mentioned is that of the person I have heard you speak of who disappeared, and whose child you so generously adopted. I did not tell the person advertising that I had ever heard the name mentioned. He is a vulgar, fussy sort of person, and might annoy you with letters. I will wait your permission to do so. Trusting you are well and Mrs. Bellew, I am, madam, with gratitude for *all* your kindness, yours faithfully,

"AMPHLETT SELWYN.

"Miss Carlyon, Kingcolm Grange."

"What does the fellow mean by underlining '*all*' in that manner?" asked Ernest Dormer, looking up.

"I'm sure I don't know. My kindness to him was nothing. Some people have a trick of doing it."

"It is a very unusual trick in a business man. Is that the advertisement he talks about?"

"Yes."

She gave it to him, as he fancied, with some reluctance. It must have been fancy, for there was nothing in it to concern Doris Carlyon in the least.

"Fancy reading that child's name in a bit of newspaper from the Antipodes," she said, with a laugh. "It must be a common name after all."

"Read it out, Mr. Dormer," said Mrs. Bellew, from behind the urn. "I like to hear those funny advertisements, where people are wanted, and whereabouts, and all that sort of thing. They're so funny."

"Auntie is always on the lookout for a chance of a romance; but read it, Ernest. Who is the advertising man I wonder?"

Ernest Dormer read the advertisement with a strange feeling creeping over him; yet, but for the words of Amphlett Selwyn's letter, the little paragraph was simple enough:

"*TWENTY POUNDS REWARD.—Wanted, the address of Teresa Sclavoni, supposed to be the daughter of a Mexican farmer. Said Teresa Sclavoni was married in June, 18—, to Ralph Rutherford, mariner, at that time resident at Tampico, on the east coast of Mexico. Any person giving such information as shall lead to the discovery of her whereabouts shall receive the above reward. Should it meet the eye of Teresa Sclavoni herself, and she will apply at the office of Starling, Luker, and Shapton, Victory-street, Melbourne, New South Wales, she will hear of something greatly to her advantage.*"

Ernest Dormer noted down the address in his pocket-book, and handed the slip of paper back to his cousin.

"Are you going to answer it?" she asked, in amazement.

"Well, perhaps."

"Do you know anything about this—what is her name—Teresa?"

"I never heard of her before in my life. I'm going to ferret out Ralph Rutherford's history if I can."

"If you can—yes."

"I don't often fail in what I undertake; but I've some news for you here."

"More advertisements?"

"Not exactly, though these fashionable intelligence paragraphs ought to be inserted and charged for as such. However, this one is something more interesting than some. It concerns an old friend, or perhaps I should say acquaintance, of yours."

"Who do you mean?"

"Jasper Onslow."

"Oh, the painter."

Doris did not seem much interested. She looked at her watch, yawned, and remarked that it was late.

"Yes, the painter. You didn't yawn at the sound of his name once upon a time."

"No; I was really interested in him, until he made such an utter fool of himself. I am quite sufficiently interested in him now to be glad to hear he is doing well, and retrieving the blunder he made. I hope your news is as good as that at least."

"Quite as good. He has succeeded to a fortune."

"A fortune?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Something that cannot be counted, it seems. But listen."

"STRANGE SUDDEN ACCESSION TO GREAT WEALTH.—'Truth is stranger than fiction,' the old adage says, and the truth and aptitude of the saying are sometimes verified in a singular manner. A young man, named Jasper Onslow, a few years since a painter of some note and considerable talent, but since fallen into needy circumstances, was recently called to the deathbed of a distant relative in Languedoc, and informed that he was his sole heir. The property consisted of a small freehold tenement and a few thousand francs ready money. This the dying man protested was all, and the assertion was verified by the parish priest, with whom he was very intimate, and who had been cognizant of all his affairs for years. When the heir came to search the house in presence of and assisted by the priest, he found stowed away in a box money and jewels to an almost fabulous amount. The fortunate legatee has returned to London, and is about to establish himself at the West-end. Mr. Onslow is of good family—the Onslows of Starcross, in South Devon—and his wife is said to be

"THAT BOX? I SOLD THAT BOX MYSELF TO A LA[illegible]T NIGHT," SAID THE GIRL TO ERNEST DORMER.

a young lady of rare beauty and talent, who will grace her new sphere to perfection."

"Will she?" said Doris, with a sneer. "We shall see. I never could see her beauty myself. You used to rave about it, Ernest. You'll be able to study it again when she has set up for a fine lady."

"I thought, and think, Mrs. Onslow very beautiful. She will make a sensation when she appears in the fashionable world."

Doris took up the paper impatiently, and her eye fell upon another paragraph which made her utter an angry exclamation.

"Stafford House, Park-lane, which has been empty so long, is being redecorated and furnished for the occupation of Jasper Onslow, Esq., who has taken it on a lease."

"Stafford House!" she exclaimed. "Why, it will take the income of a prince to live in that."

"Mr. Onslow has the income of a prince, by all accounts," Ernest Dormer said, quietly. "Society will have something to give it a fillip next season."

"What?"

"Muriel Onslow's beauty."

"She shan't reign unchallenged."

"What do you mean?"

"They shall have my beauty as well as hers to stir them up. Oh, you think me very vain, I daresay; but I have eyes, and looking-glasses, and men's tongues by the score to tell me the same. Do you think I will let her, my paid servant—my waiting maid—lord it over me in the society I was born to?"

She had risen from the table, and was walking about with flashing eyes and restless, twitching hands.

"My dear Doris," Mrs. Bellew said, gently, "Muriel was never your maid."

"What better was she? Was she half so well? My maid had a thousand perquisites and privileges that she had not. I paid her better wages. In all, save the permission to sit at my table, and the opportunity to flirt with and cajole my gentlemen guests, Francine is infinitely better off than Muriel Chisholm was."

"I think she is," Ernest Dormer replied. "Francine has a temper and a tongue, and when she is reviled can revile again with great skill and volubility. Mrs. Onslow has neither. She was——"

"Too good for Kingcolm Grange, in short. I wonder you did not translate her to some purer atmosphere."

The bitter malice in her tone and look made her seem like a beautiful fiend, and he looked at her without speaking, fearful that his voice might express too much of what he felt.

"Come into my boudoir," she said, when Mrs. Bellew at length rose, having finished her breakfast, "and tell me all you know about this wonderful fortune."

"I know no more than the papers have told you."

"You will be one of the worshippers at the new shrine of course."

"I shall be a visitor, and a welcome one, or Muriel Onslow is much changed, at Stafford House, if that is what you mean, Doris. For anything else, she is another man's wife, and however I may admire I shall stop at admiration, be sure of that."

"Oh, how wise and prudent you can be when it suits you. "Well, if you don't worship there are plenty who will. Yellow hair, and large, vulgar eyes attract many men, but there are those in the world who prefer another style of beauty. We shall see where the moths hover thickest by and by."

"What are you going to do?"

"Do! Take a house in town for the season; march side by side with her in her triumphal progress; measure the length of my purse against hers; show her two admirers at my feet for one she can count at hers; win the envy of the women and the admiration of the men; and condole with her on the slow progress she makes in fashionable life and manners."

"Are you possessed with a demon, Doris, that you talk in that wild way?"

"Sometimes I believe I am. Certainly I have one at my elbow when I think of Muriel Chisholm."

"You are very much mistaken in her if you think she will turn out such a butterfly as you fancy. She is a married woman, whose great safeguard against wrong is the shelter of her husband's love. Let her alone; her purity will vanquish you in any conflict with her."

"Will it!" she hissed, as the door closed behind him, and she was left alone. "A married woman! Married to the only man I ever really loved! I could not sting her in her poverty; I will steal her husband from her, Ernest Dormer. She shall see him creep to my side day after day, with no eyes nor ears for aught on earth save Doris Carlyon. She shall see it, feel it—shall have it eating into her heart day by day, and shall be powerless to raise a finger to prevent it. She crossed my path once; let her look to it a second time!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

BAFFLED.

A strange coincidence—to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.
—*Byron.*

What motive Ernest Dormer had in wishing to find out the antecedents and whereabouts of Ralph Rutherford's life was best known to himself. His announcement of his intention to do so annoyed his cousin, Miss Carlyon, not a little.

"What do you want to find out about this man for?" she asked.

"Well, I am curious about him, that is all."

"Curiosity seldom prompts men to do *outre* things. If you were a woman, now, I shouldn't wonder. I don't fancy you will find out more than I know, and I have told you everything."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; all that old man told me. The man went off to South America on the same wild-goose chase that brought him to my hall—looking for some one, as I understood at the time."

"Looking for Teresa Sclavoni, maybe."

"Perhaps—who knows?"

"Who, indeed! Well, I am going to find him out if he is above ground."

"Don't do it, Ernest Dormer."

"Why not?"

She had spoken almost savagely, hissing out the words between her set teeth, and he looked at her inquiringly.

"Because—because it seems to me childish to be so curious about a stranger. Besides, I don't want to lose little Ralpho, and if you succeed in hunting up his father, he might take him away."

"You seem to have a strange objection to curiosity, Cousin Doris," he said, gravely. "Take care I don't exercise it in a way you do not like."

"How?"

"In finding out the secret of your life."

"The secret of my life?"

"Just so."

She looked at him a moment, and then laughed, a hard, unmusical laugh.

"My secrets," she said. "I have none."

"I think you have."

"You know them, then, as well as I do. You know all about my life; it has been open enough."

He bade her good-bye and left the Grange, feeling as if he breathed freer when he was outside the lodge gate.

"It's a fine house and a noble property, and my cousin Doris is a very charming and fascinating woman when she chooses to be so; but for all that the place is haunted by the shadow of something unpleasant. There's a skeleton in some of the cupboards there, and woe to the hand that unlocks the door and lays it bare. No secrets! Time will show, Doris Carlyon. I shall know when I get at the mystery of that poisoned sugar. Phew! I feel as though I could never eat or drink aught from her hand again after the look she gave me this morning."

Doris did not think any more pleasantly of her cousin than he did of her.

"Find out the secret of my life, will he," she said to herself; "trace Ralph Rutherford's antecedents. What has the one to do with the other? He had better let me alone, or——"

"What are you thinking of, my dear? Your forehead is all puckered up as though you were perplexed," said Mrs. Bellew innocently.

"So I am, auntie dear. I'm thinking how we shall have amber or pink for the drawing-room in London. Amber, of course, suits me best, but——"

"Then I'm sure I should have amber," said the old lady, sweetly. "But, Doris, my dear, aren't you going to a tremendous expense? Wouldn't that furnished house of Colonel Chalkley's have done just as well?"

"No, auntie dear, it wouldn't," Doris answered. "If I spend every farthing I'm worth in the world, I'll outshine Muriel Chisholm next season, I'm determined."

Mrs. Bellew thought Doris rather bitter and uncharitable in what she was going to do; but she held her tongue like a wise woman, and said nothing.

To Limehouse Ernest Dormer went first in his strange search after intelligence. He hardly knew what impelled him to the step he was taking; but a strange, shadowy suspicion of evil seemed to be gathering round Doris Carlyon, and he wanted to clear it up—to know what it all meant.

At Fenchurch station he met Cuthbert Winstanley, whom he had not seen for some time.

"You in the City!" exclaimed that young gentleman. "What the deuce are you doing here?"

"Duty, dear boy—duty. I've just been seeing an old aunt of mine off to Bow. Fancy any human creature living at Bow of their own free will. She's rich enough to set up housekeeping in Eaton-square if she chose; and because her dear 'Arry,' as she calls the late lamented alderman who left her his money, made his filthy lucre amongst the scents and smells of that savoury locality, she lives there yet in Stearine House, so called by the late lamented, who made his money by candles. Have you any old aunts in the east that I find you here?"

"No, nor anywhere else. I am going to Limehouse. Will you come with me, Winstanley?"

"Well, yes—I'm an idle man to-day. May I ask what you are going to do there?"

"Oh, only to make some inquiries about a man I am interested in. I wish to do it personally, that is all."

Arrived at Limehouse they made straight for the Manor, which they found all shut up, and no sign of life about it.

"Why, the old man must be dead!" Ernest exclaimed, turning away from the heavy door.

"No, sir, he ain't dead," replied one of a tribe of attendant *gamins*, whose interest in the fact of any one looking at the house and knocking at the door was extreme. "Leastways, nobody knows as he is."

"Then where is he?"

"Ah, that's what everybody wants to know. He's gone away this long time, and Mr. Onslow as lived here with him has come into a fortin, and gone away too."

"Now then, you boys, get out of this," said a helmeted policeman, coming up and putting them to flight to a safe distance, where they might make faces and hurl opprobrious epithets at him with impunity. "Beg pardon, sir, if you was speaking to them; but the young varmints are such a nuisance. They'd break into the house if they weren't watched night and day almost."

"I was inquiring for Mr. Colliver," Ernest said. "The boy says he is not dead, but gone away."

The policeman shook his head.

"I'm afraid no one will ever see him again, poor old man," he said. "It's a long time now since he went away. But you'll get every information at the office, gentlemen, if you'll take the trouble to step round there. My orders are to refer every one that asks to the superintendent."

Ernest gave the man a shilling, and they found their way to the not very savory street where the police office was situated. The superintendent received them with much politeness, and told them all he knew.

"It was feared the old man had met with some accident," he said. "He has never been known to stay away so long before, and he may have died in some obscure place abroad, with no clue to his identity about him."

"That's awkward," Ernest Dormer said. "I wanted some information that only he could give me. What is to be done with the house and all the property in it?"

"Well, sir, I don't know yet. Mr. Onslow was left in charge, and as I daresay you've heard he has succeeded to a fortune and left Limehouse."

"Yes, I know that. Then he holds possession in Mr. Colliver's absence?"

"He does, sir, and very particular he is about the place. He won't allow even my men to go in. He keeps the key himself; and any one wanting to see the place, or to know anything more than we can tell him, is to be referred to his solicitors, Messrs. Jumble and Writall, 22, Lincoln's-inn."

"Thank you; I don't want to see the house. We wanted to see the old man himself."

"I'm afraid you'll never do that, sir. We are going to advertise for him; but I fancy it will be no use."

"So ends your chance of hearing of this Ralph—what's his name?" said Winstanley, as they turned to go.

"Ralph Rutherford. Yes, I suppose so."

"Is there any information I can give you, gentlemen?" asked the officer, politely stopping them.

"Well, yes, perhaps—and yet I don't know. Our business here was to inquire about a friend—or at any rate an acquaintance—of Mr. Colliver's, named Ralph Rutherford."

"Ah, the man who disappeared and left the child."

"You know him, then?"

"Well, hardly," the superintendent said, with a smile; "but we police are pretty well informed in most things. What might you want to know about him, gentlemen?"

"I want to find out who and what he is, where he came from, and what has become of him."

"I cannot tell you all that; but I can tell you what Jabez Colliver told us when he went a-missing."

He turned the leaves of a huge book, and read them the entry made when the old man had described his lost friend to them.

"He had come from America and was going to stay in England, but he altered his mind afterwards and went back again. At least I saw a letter from him saying so."

"But you don't believe he did."

"What makes you think so, sir?"

"I saw it in your eyes," Ernest replied, making the officer look upon him at once as a young man of very superior intelligence and acumen.

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because I saw him afterwards."

"Where?"

"Here, in this very office. There was a search for an escaped lunatic the very day that old Mr. Colliver went away, and he was caught in the Manor after he had nearly frightened Mrs. Onslow to death. I only saw Ralph Rutherford by accident for a moment, but I've a good eye for faces and never forget one, and if that madman was not him come back he was his twin brother that's all."

"Did you not inquire?"

"Well, you see, sir, it was no business of mine. Mr. Colliver was away, and besides he had the letter telling where the man was, you know, so we could not interfere. The keepers had his name pat enough—Henry Maynard. I have it here in the books, and we could not dispute their words even if we had had any authority to do so."

"Was he really mad?"

"As mad as any man could be, and dangerous too; it was heaven's mercy he didn't get at the young lady in the Manor yonder—he'd have killed her for a certainty."

"And did he say nothing by which he could be identified?"

"Nothing that I know of. He talked a lot of rubbish about killing somebody—it was a woman's name—Therza; no, Sertisa—something of that sort."

"Theresa," said a policeman in waiting, quietly.

His young wife's name was Theresa, so he remembered the madman's words.

"That's the man!" said Ernest, excitedly. "The woman's name is Teresa that is associated with him. Where shall I find him?"

The address of the asylum was given him, and they left the office, Winstanley wondering not a little at his friend's eagerness in the matter.

"I shall go to that asylum," Ernest said, "and make inquiries."

"Hadn't you better let me go?" his friend asked. "A perfect stranger won't be so likely to betray motives and so forth as you would."

And Mr. Winstanley did go, armed with a description of Ralph Rutherford and the name of the lunatic which they obtained at the office. He returned with a certificate of the death of Henry Maynard, who might have been anybody for anything the doctor knew, and a description of the man taken from the books of the establishment.

He had died of fever, and been buried in the parish churchyard, intimation of the same having been sent to his friends. He raved about "Teresa" to the last. All which was true, save in one particular. The friends of the lunatic had not been informed, but were still paying a handsome annual sum for the maintenance and charge of Mr. Henry Maynard.

But all this had not come to pass on the day of the visit of the two friends of Limehouse.

As they passed the Manor on their way back to the station they saw an elegantly though quietly dressed lady walking rapidly up and down in front of it. She seemed to be watching the doors and windows through her thick veil, and to his amazement Ernest recognized Muriel Onslow.

"Mrs. Onslow!" he exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you!"

She threw back her veil and looked at him, and with difficulty he repressed a startled exclamation at the sight of her face. It had not lost its beauty, but it looked so haggard and worn, with such dilated eyes that it was like looking at a ghost.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "Jasper is so busy. You have heard, of course?"

"Of your good fortune—yes."

"Good fortune! Well, I don't know; it has its cares. You see, we like to know—to be sure—that this place has not been interfered with by strangers. It would never do, you know. Jasper——"

She stopped, and put her hand to her head. "I think I am a little tired," she said. "I hardly know what I am talking about. I have the keys of the place, but there seems no need to go in—the policeman tells me it is all safe!"

"No need I am sure for you to enter that dingy, dirty place," he said, glancing at her elegant velvet costume, all out of place in the dirt of Limehouse. "Shall we go in for you and report?"

"No, not for the world!" she said, vehemently. "That is, I mean—no, thank you; there is no need."

"Why not put some one in to take charge, if you are so anxious about the place?"

"No, that would never do. They might be thieves,—prying, inquisitive people, who would ransack the place; no, that would never do."

She declined their aid or escort, and seemed so anxious to be rid of them that they were fain to give her good-bye, and leave her.

"Mrs. Onslow has gone mad," said Cuthbert Winstanley, as they walked into the station. "That money has turned her brain."

(To be continued in our next.)

DREAM BOOKS.

"What are you reading?" was asked of a young girl, with a small volume in her hand.

"I am reading a dream book," she blushingly answered.

And are not all of us, young, middle-aged, and old, constantly reading dream books? We begin in childhood—oh, what volumes of dream books we read then!—and we continue to read them diligently through life.

Dreaming, dreaming, we are always fondly dreaming of that which we hope will be, but much of which, alas! will never come to pass. Yet dreaming is, in itself, pleasant. It is, indeed, the source of great happiness.

And then, again, if the unreal future come to us in our waking dreams, so does the real past come to us in our sleeping dreams.

"The loved, the lost, the beautiful, the dead," rise from their graves, clothed, not in the cerements of the tomb, but in all the freshness and radiant beauty of life, and reappear to us as we once knew them. Again we clasp their hands, again we feel tender kisses, again we hear their sweet voices and their precious words; and even if it is all a dream, it is much, in this world of limited and broken joys.

Read on thy dream book, young girl, and long may it be before the dreams of the past shall be more numerous and dearer than all the dreams of the future.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

We do not record the fact because it is at all remarkable; unhappily it is not. James Morgan was tired of his wife. Many other men are, I presume, in the same condition. Sometimes this weariness is merely a mood; sometimes it is a fixed, irritating fact.

I do not know why, except that restless natures always get tired of restraints, this should be so. Mrs. Morgan was certainly as good a wife as Mr. Morgan deserved—better, perhaps, if one were to measure deserts faithfully. Mr. Morgan had not the slightest idea of the trouble he was so carefully preparing for her. She was not, had not been, a happy woman by any means.

The maternal instinct was largely developed in her, but hers was a childless home; and when she invited the little ones of her sisters and brothers to visit her, her husband loudly protested—called the visit a "raid," and the little visitors "nuisances."

She had yielded; and because she had found that he was pleased when young ladies were invited, she often had them, though she did not herself so greatly enjoy their society. Mr. Morgan would have said because she was jealous of his gallant attentions to them. But this was not wholly true. She was a true and loyal woman; she had married her husband because she loved him, and knew that for this, and because she was his wife, she had the supreme right to his love and all evidence of it. So long as she had this, she did not feel hurt or jealous when he showed indications of friendly regard to others.

Jealousy is one of the meanest of human emotions, and is lowering both to the person who indulges it and to the object of it. Mrs. Morgan had not, perhaps, considered it in this light; but she never allowed herself to indulge in it, not even when the growing coldness of her husband's manner at last convinced her that the rest of her life must be passed in the most disconsolate of widowhoods.

She was a high-principled woman. She tried to act always according to the rule of right, and to order her life in all things by the precepts of the Holy Scriptures. Reposing in this faith, she believed and hoped that, ordered by a wiser than she, all things would work together for good till the darkling hour passed and the light of hope should begin to dawn.

So moved on the affairs of this discordant household—the dissatisfied husband and the unhappy wife equally misunderstanding the true causes which were working ill to them.

And in the mean time, Mr. Morgan, growing stronger in his mad resolve, prepared for the result upon which he had determined.

It was Sunday. Mrs. Morgan had risen with a bad headache, and had not been to church. In fact, she had spent most of the day with her face buried in the pillow that was thoroughly wetted with her tears. The premonition of a great sorrow was upon her; but it was, if dreadful, vague and undefined.

Mr. Morgan, on the contrary, knew exactly what he was about to do. He intended to inform his wife that he was about to separate from her!

She got up at dinner-time, and made herself ready for the meal. In her cool, neat, summer dress, with her pale cheek, that flushed with sudden color at each sound of the beloved voice; the quick, startled expression in her eyes that told her awakened apprehension, made her more beautiful than she had been even in her girlhood. Mr. Morgan, looking at her as she sat opposite him at the table, could not avoid noticing this, and even acknowledging it to himself.

He spoke more kindly to her than had of late been his wont, and was surprised to see the quick flash of color to her cheek and brow, and the springing tears that answered him from her eyes.

A little beating of his heart, a warmer feeling there than he had known of late, was the response; but it was unheeded. When he had decided to do anything, he was not wont to change his mind.

"She is not well, and is probably weary of her life, as I am of mine."

A sharp little tremor, a sudden dart of pain, might have made him question the truth of his words, but they were unheeded.

"Mary," he began, "I am thinking of a change in our mode of life." She started, flushed, and a deadly pallor followed, but he went on. "I have been thinking for some time that we were very much unsuited to each other. Of course I feel sure that we shall always be friends, but it seems useless to try to live amicably as husband and wife. Do you not agree with me?"

He paused, but no answer came from those white lips.

"Oh, another sulky fit," he commented, inaudibly.

He went on: "Believing that you feel as I do, I have made some preparations for the event we contemplate——"

"Not I—oh, not I!" came in broken murmurs from those frozen lips.

He paused, but no word followed.

"I have caused deeds to be prepared, which will be ready to-morrow morning, preliminary to the separation I ask for. Your comfort in the future is well provided for. I have settled upon you a handsome income. I hope you will be happy."

He paused, and sprang startled to her side, as he saw her slide slowly to the floor. When he reached her, she lay there cold and still like one dead.

A pang rent the heart of the man who had caused this suffering. He raised her in his arms and bore her away to her chamber.

After a time, with proper restoratives, she recovered; but she lay cold, and still, and silent. Observing that she did not attempt to speak, and seemed to wish to be silent, he went away and left her alone in her misery. It was cruel soothing, but perhaps the wisest course he could have pursued. Left alone, she hugged her grief to her breast, and, at last, wearied out with her struggle, sobbed herself to sleep. Life seemed very dark to her, and hope dead; but nature claimed her dues and would not be silenced. She slept the quiet sleep of childhood.

Happily, her sleep was almost dreamless. She did not start, or tremble, or cry out. A grieved, patient, quivering sob, from time to time, escaped her lips. In her frequent, but short, wakings, a sense of some heavy sorrow hung over her, but she seldom fully realized it.

Late at night, when Mr. Morgan returned, she was sleeping quietly, and he commented, as he stole away, upon her insensibility and want of feeling.

When they met in the morning no allusion was made to the conversation of the past evening.

"I will make no opposition," she thought. "Let him work his will. Heaven forbid that, if he has ceased to love me, I should stand between him and freedom and happiness."

So she resolved on the perfect submission which had become habitual with her. But the day was a very sad one. At five o'clock her husband was expected back from the city, to which he went daily to attend to his business.

She tremulously awaited him, timid and fearful, for their old relation seemed to have died out, and she knew not how, all at once, to adapt herself to another. She waited, and the clock ticked on. The hour struck and passed, almost unheeded at first, and then with a vague feeling of terror and alarm that every moment doubled and intensified.

Time dragged slowly and painfully along. In vain she repeated to herself that, feeling that this was no longer a home, she no longer a wife, he was purposely prolonging his absence. But she could not cheat her fears. They grew and grew, till at last, when, in the darkness, the road by which he was wont to return became invisible, she threw herself upon a sofa in an agony of terror. No one approached the house. Once in a while she stole to the gate—always vainly. The late summer darkness fell, and she was still alone. The clock pealed the hours—ten had just struck.

There was a sound of voices—of footsteps. She sprang to the door, and as it was flung open, a sad procession stood upon the threshold, and in its midst, covered with mud and streaming blood, they carried the body of Mr. Morgan.

There had been a terrible railway accident—many had been killed; a few, like Mr. Morgan—bruised, maimed, still breathing, but insensible—yet lived on, bearing with them sad memories of the collision.

Hours, days, weeks passed; and he lived still, hopelessly dependent upon the unwearied, soothing care of the woman he had contemned. No reference had ever been made to the intention he had announced, but it was always in the memory of both.

Mr. Morgan no longer claimed her attendance as a right, but thanked her, feebly, but gratefully, for the kindness he had forfeited. She unconsciously treated him with something which she could not prevent approaching the ceremonious deference due to a stranger. Both felt uncomfortable and unhappy, beyond even the sadness caused by his injuries.

This state of things could not long continue, though it was impossible for Mrs. Morgan to stop it. Pride kept Mr. Morgan silent, yet he was bearing a heavy punishment—the heavier that he well knew himself solely to be blamed for it. The time came when her pale cheek and sorrowful, timid mien conquered.

She came one day, and with something of the old affectionate confidence, laid her head beside his upon the pillow, and pressed her soothing hand upon his brow.

"How sorry I am that you suffer so! I wish——"

She paused and burst into tears. Then, rising, she moved away to a distance.

He could bear it no longer.

"And you say nothing of your own sufferings! You owe it all to me! You are an angel! You never complain to me, who have given you such misery, and caused you such trouble?"

He essayed to lift towards her his trembling, bandaged arms. She sprang towards him.

"I do not deserve it—I think you ought to leave me to suffer alone," he said.

But with all the strength left in the feeble arms, he pressed her to his breast.

"My own, true wife!" he whispered, at last. "Too good—a thousand times too good for me!"

"I shall never leave you of my own accord," she said.

"I have been a demon or a fool," was Mr. Morgan's estimate of himself; and that was the last she ever heard of the proposed separation.

He tore up the papers as soon as he could move about the house; and from that day to this, the man who was tired of his wife has seemed almost foolishly proud of her.

MY LOVE.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

And this was the end. Richard Grey would marry his sweet-faced cousin; and more than that, he had meant to have her for his wife, even while he was looking into my eyes with such intoxicating sweetness. I had not given my heart unsought; but this man—this man who had touched my lips with his kisses, while they were yet warm perhaps from those of his betrothed, had all the love of my proud woman's soul.

I stamped my feet in mad, impotent rage. But, alas! I could not take back what I had given him so freely. Be he saint or fiend, it was all the same. I loved him still.

The sweet June air came in through the window, and the warm roses looked up smilingly from below. Their fragrance sickened me. How many times Richard Grey had put just such roses into my hands, and, with all of heaven in his eyes, had told me I was sweeter far than the flowers I held!

I drew down the window with a crash, and turned away. What a consummate fool I had been! and what a consummate actor he had been, if, indeed, he did not love me! I could not believe it; but if he did not, if it had all been child's play with him, I vowed that it should be child's play no longer. He should know what love was before we were done. I would move heaven and earth to accomplish this, if necessary. To think that I, Margaret Sterne, should be outwitted, outdone, and made an abject slave of, by the will of one man! The blood flew through my veins again; I was growing stronger. The bitter tonic was doing its work nobly.

My aunt's voice came up the stairs:—

"Margaret, Mr. Grey is here."

"Yes," I answered; and arranging my toilet composedly, and with more than usual care, I went down to meet him.

There was a new brilliancy in my cheeks, I knew, an added lustre in my eyes, as I stood before him, bowing my greeting. He noticed it with a heightened color.

"How well you are looking this morning, Margaret," he said.

"Am I?" I answered, smiling back into his eyes with all my old trusting fondness. "I had forgotten you were coming to ride out with me, until my aunt's voice reminded me of it."

He looked surprised that I should forget, or seem to forget, any appointment of his, which I had never done before; but I was so attentive to him otherwise, that his momentary annoyance vanished. We struck out upon the road towards Byrne.

"Suppose we ride fast?" I said, raising my riding-whip, ready to start.

"No; it will spoil our enjoyment, for we cannot say a word then—and," he might have added, "I cannot feed you with love's poison from my eyes."

"But I want a race, and, more than that, I mean to have one," I answered, with spirit.

He looked up quickly.

"What has come over you, Margaret?"

"Nothing," I answered, meeting his look with more tenderness than usual, but letting my whip fall with a snap upon my horse, and bounding away at the same time. I felt as if I could ride madly that morning; and I don't know but my companion thought I meant to, for, spite of his efforts, we were hardly in sight of each other for the next four miles. At the edge of the village I drew up, and waited.

"You have lost the race in more senses than one," I said, as he came beside me.

"What do you mean? You are not like yourself at all to-day; but you are beautiful as a queen, Margaret," he said, with an eager flush upon his face.

My heart throbbed wildly.

"Am I a queen for once, then, and you the subject? I ruled you in the race, you know."

"But you will spoil your horse."

"No matter. It is queenly to rule and ruin together."

"Your heart is too kind."

"My heart kind! Bah! It is cold and cruel as steel, Mr. Grey. If I died, I would never flinch from what I had undertaken."

He was utterly bewildered at the new phase he was seeing in my character, but he could not resist the magnetism of my eyes. My looks belied my words, and he would trust me.

"Never mind, as long as we do not quarrel," he said, with an emphasis upon the pronoun.

"True; never mind," I answered, grimly, thinking of my future a moment.

The sun was sinking when we rode up the avenue at Hyde Woods. I was well satisfied with my day's work. He was coming closer to me, in spite of himself.

"You must not call this evening," I said, as he touched my hand with his lips at parting. "I have another engagement; but to-morrow, if you will."

"If I will! O Margaret! I cannot stay away this evening!"

"But you must," I answered, ascending the steps.

My aunt met me in the hall.

"Margaret, you are not going out with Mr. Grey too much, are you?" she said, stopping me.

"Oh, no! We are only flirting a little, and it would be so dreadfully dull with no one, you know, dear Aunt Hyde."

I kissed her, and went slowly to my room. If I had given way once, it would have been all over with me. I should have had no strength to go on; and if I did not give way, I must not trust myself to think alone yet. I put off my riding-dress, and donning another, went below.

Until late at night I played chess with my aunt, and then, thoroughly tired out, I went to bed to sleep. I did not mean to see Richard Grey the next day. A little absence would only make my presence dearer, and I was going to try it upon him.

"If Mr. Grey calls this morning, say to him that I am indisposed, will you, Aunt Hyde?" I said, as we rose from breakfast.

"Yes; for you do look tired."

I went into the library, and hunting out the most exciting novel I could find, began to read. The sun was hardly three hours high when Richard Grey's voice sounded at the door; and then I heard his horse canter down the avenue, but I did not change my position. It would not do to satisfy my inclination now. When the sound died away, I went on steadily with my reading again. In the evening the gentleman called to see how I was.

"Better," I heard my aunt say; "but not in the parlor this evening;" and he took his departure.

I was ready the following morning early, but none too soon. He was impatient to see me, and his eager greeting would have been flattering indeed, if I had not held, what he meant, undoubtedly, should be kept a secret from me. My day's absence had had the desired effect, and either his soul lied, or he did love me.

"I receive a foreign letter every Wednesday. Let us ride by the office, if you will?" I said, as we started off.

"Certainly," he answered, eyeing me closely. "You have friends abroad, then?"

"Yes. I never told you of my cousin Ernest? I thought I had. He is an artist, and has been traveling in Europe a year or more. We are all in all to each other."

His lips closed curiously, and his face grew a trifle cooler, though his eyes seemed to burn as they looked into mine.

"No; you have never spoken of him."

"A mistake of mine," I answered.

He handed me the letter from the postmaster's hands, with a half-frown upon his face.

"I am getting jealous," he said, partly in jest, but more in earnest.

"Ha, ha!" I laughed; "and well you may be." Then opening it, and reading a few sentences, I added, "He is going to be here next week."

"He is your cousin, you say?"

"Yes; at your service."

What he had upon his lips I could only judge from his looks, for I began at once a long string of small talk, that ended only when we reached home.

For the next week I treated him to love and indifference alternately, keeping him all the time at bay, so that he could not approach me nearer than I willed, until he was half-mad with fear and love. I had not meant to marry this cousin, who had been a persistent suitor as well, until I learnt what Dead Sea apples I had been eating from Richard Grey's hands; that knowledge changed my intentions. When I met him after his long absence, his anxious questionings were answered without a word. He knew I would be his wife then.

I was not at home to Richard Grey for two weeks after Ernest's arrival; but at the end of that time I was ready to meet him, and went down at once, as soon as he called.

"I have wanted to see you very much, Margaret," he said, bending over my hand. "Why have you denied me admittance so long?"

"I have wanted to see you too, Richard," I answered, slowly, lingering tenderly over the name; "but these weddings make such a disturbance."

He started violently, but I went on speaking in the same even tone.

"I should have sent you these," holding out the invitation cards, "but I hoped each day that I should see you the next, and give them myself, so it was delayed until now;" and I handed them to him.

He threw them down, and put his foot upon them quicker than lightning.

"Is this true, Margaret?" burst from his lips.

"True? Of course it is. Why do you ask?"

"And you have dared to throw it in my face like this, as if I had never loved you?"

I was careful to keep my tones cool and even as before.

"My dear Mr. Grey, you are to marry your cousin, and I mine. Surely, you did not think I would love you, when I knew you were the betrothed of another? And I could not be so vain as to think you cared for me at all, when you loved her so well. A harmless flirtation; and we both understood it to perfection, I think."

His face was like a dead man's face, as he staggered from the room. Ah, revenge is sweet, after all! Who says it is not?

Instead of regretting that we are sometimes deceived, we should rather lament that we are undeceived.

My First (and Last) Descent into a Lead-Mine.

BY R. BRANDT.

I happened to be staying at a friend's house in one of the northern counties of England one summer, when it was suggested by our host that I should ride over to Authorpe, and see the splendid hydraulic engine which had been recently erected for the purpose of draining the lead-mines. My ardor was but slightly damped when I was told that an inspection of the engine was not to be accomplished without the hazard of a tiring and comparatively dangerous descent of the "climbing-way."

There were at the time I speak of but few hydraulic engines of the kind we proposed to visit, so the resolve to make the inspection was, in spite of its comparative danger to a novice, quickly formed. On arriving at the mine, we sent for the "captain" of the works, and under his directions, divested ourselves of all our clothes, and substituted the common working-dress of the miners; and each of us was furnished with a lump of clay about the size of an orange, into which (a hole being made with your thumb) a half-penny candle was inserted. Our party consisted of the captain, one of the miners, my cousin, and myself.

A few yards distant from the "coe" (or hut in which we had made our toilets) was a trap-door about a yard square, and this being opened, disclosed a nasty black-looking hole, that might have been "any depth," but which was, it seems, only sixty feet. On two of the opposite sides of the mine, and resting on little ledges in the angles, were long pieces of wood about three inches wide by about an inch and a half thick, and eighteen inches one above another. The captain (whom we will call Mr. Darnton) first descended, after him the miner, then my cousin, and last of all your humble servant. The mode of progression consisted in digging the outside edge of the soles of your boots into the side of the shaft, so as to get all the hold you could of the narrow ledges of the "stemples," as they are called; and as to your hands, you were cautioned not to lay hold of the nearest stemple to your shoulder, but rather to stoop and rest on the lowest one practicable; so that, in case of a foot slipping, the muscles of the arms might not be suddenly called upon when in the *comparatively relaxed position of a bent elbow.*

Sixty feet of this sort of work brought us to a gallery about five yards in length, and at the end of this was another sixty feet of climbing-way, and then another gallery, and so on, until we reached the "level," into which, at quarter-minute intervals, a tremendous body of water rushed through a cast-iron pipe about twenty inches in diameter. This intermittent little river—for it really was one in miniature—was the water lifted by the engine at every stroke—and she was making at that time four strokes a minute.

Our difficulties now had their commencement. "The engine, gentlemen," said our very intelligent guide, "is at the other end of that pipe, and the pipe is fifteen feet long. We must crawl through it, one at a time; and I can tell you it is rather an awkward journey. I will go first, and you can form an idea of the way of crawling by seeing what I do. Be careful to raise yourselves as high as you can when you hear the valve of the engine clap-to, for that is the sign she is beginning her stroke, and the water will be through like a shot; so mind and let it run under you, and take care it does not put your candle out."

We promised to observe all his cautions, and he at once crept into the pipe. There was something frightful about the whole affair, and the danger seemed magnified by the tremendous noise of the valve every time it went-to on the return stroke. It was, even at our end of the pipe, like a clap of thunder, and seemed to shake the solid limestone rock against which we stood.

After about a minute's interval, we heard Darnton shout to us to come on, but to be careful, and not enter more than one at a time, and for each to wait till the other had got well through.

My cousin now essayed the journey, and being, as he was, a sixteen-stone man, and forty-four inches round the chest, I felt exceedingly nervous on the score of his safe arrival at the other side. Having waited for the next lift of water to run off, he instantly entered the pipe; but on getting half-way through, he turned his shoulders too square, and was for a few moments quite fast, and before he could right himself again the engine made another stroke; the consequence being that the water was instantly dammed up to his face, and the candle put out. A violent struggle and an involuntary raising of the body allowed the water to get away; and he had fortunately just time to get his breath and be ready for the next rush of water, which came with its usual tremendous force; but he was able to allow it to pass under him. By dint of great exertion, he emerged on the other side quite safe, but a good deal frightened.

I would now most willingly have retraced my steps, but did not like being "chaffed," so took my turn, and being of a thin habit of body, got safe through between the strokes of the engine; and now we stood in the presence of the monster!

I could not accurately describe this splendid piece of machinery without the aid of diagrams. Suffice it to say, that she is driven by an upright column of water about two hundred and eighty feet high, and takes the pressure just as a steam engine would—namely, by the opening of a slide-valve. She can work readily up to five hundred horse-power, and could then make seven strokes a minute. When I saw her she was at about half her power. To give some idea of her size, I may mention that the *joints* alone of the upright piston-rod were at least the size of a farming-wagon body! The operation of taking in the water for each stroke, accompanied as it was by the inward opening of the valve, and the sound of the water, was awful enough; but, as I said previously, the *closing* of the same valve by the sudden pressure of a column of water equal to five hundred horse-power, was "a thing to remember."

The shaft in which we now stood was about a hundred and thirty yards in depth, and fifteen feet diameter, and in this awful place was the stupendous engine constantly going night and day, in a darkness made almost more invisible by our little candles.

And now came a serious question—Shall we return through that horrible pipe, or shall we ascend by the ladders in the engine-shaft? The alternative was as follows: If we went through the pipe, there was the danger of sticking fast; and if by the main shaft, there was no sort of protection in case of a slip off a ladder; and these ladders were ranged one above another in lengths of about thirty feet, and as nearly as possible perpendicularly, with no sort of fence or guard. At the top of each length was a small platform of wood, about a yard square; and these were the only resting-places. Darnton told us that if we decided to go by the main shaft we must, when once started, *go forward;* that no retracing of one's steps could be allowed, and that we must not attempt to look down.

After a few minutes' deliberation, we resolved to go up by the ladders. I went last; and what with the darkness, the tremendous noise of the engine when she took the stroke, and last, not least, an incident that I hope never to experience again, I never was more uncomfortable in my life. We had arrived within about twenty yards of the top, and I felt very much fatigued, and the tallow from the candle I held had run all over my right hand, which circumstances rendered a hold of the ladder-staves less secure. To rest my aching arms, I happened to lean back with all my weight, when about the top of the last ladder but two, and this caused the nail fastening that side of the ladder nearest to the wall *to draw out, and the ladder itself to twist round!* It is now thirty years ago, but I can almost at the present day feel my hair stand on end, as it most assuredly did at that instant. Thank God, the other side held, and I got safely to the top; but I resolved that for the future my proceedings should be best described by the words composing the heading of this article.

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

MARTHA.

CHAPTER I.

MASQUERADING.

It was on a fine autumn morning of the year of grace 1574, when merry England was indeed a joyous dwelling place, that Lady Henrietta Vavasour was seated in the tiring-room of her country house near Richmond Place. She was young, rich, beautiful, and, moreover, a prime favorite of great Queen Bess, who then ruled the land.

But, notwithstanding all these advantages, Lady Henrietta was not happy.

"The Most Honorable the Lord Tristan Micklelace, to wait on your ladyship," said a servant, as he announced and was closely followed by that very exquisite elderly "beau of the olden time," who, with a rare bouquet in his hand, daintily advanced to pay his compliments to the young and noble lady.

"My lovely cousin, I come to pay my profound homage, and to beg your acceptance of these few flowers—imperfect emblems of your own charming perfections," said the *debonnair* old courtier, as he dropped with difficulty on one knee, after the fashion of the time, to present his bouquet.

"Nonsense, Lord Tristan! Rise, I beg."

"I don't think his lordship can manage to rise without help, my lady," laughingly whispered a fair young tirewoman, an especial favorite, as she demurely assisted the old nobleman to recover his feet.

"Well, my lord, what brings you here thus early this morning?"

"Do you not recollect?"

"No."

"It is the great day of the races in the Park, you know."

"And what of that?"

"Are you not going?"

"I am tired of races."

"But it will be a splendid sight."

"I am tired of splendid sights."

"All the world will be there."

"I am tired of all the world."

"Oh, fie!"

"This room is insufferably hot. Give me my fan, Nancy."

"Permit me," said the old beau, as he hobbled to fetch it.

"It is a perfect oven! Open the casement, girl."

"Allow me!" and he flew as fast as his poor decrepit legs would carry him to execute the stern command.

"Mercy upon us! the wind blows in like a hurricane. Shut it again, or I shall catch my death of cold!"

And once more the venerable slave of this young noblewoman's caprices was making the best of his way across the apartment to close the window, when suddenly a stentorian chorus was heard lustily singing.

"What is that?" inquired the Lady Henrietta, starting up with unwonted interest.

"It's the old statute fair song; it's very pretty," said Nancy.

"It's most deafening!" grumbled the ancient lord.

"How happy they seem!" murmured the young lady, approaching, and gazing out of the window.

"They're a parcel of donkeys!" said Lord Tristan.

"They are honest servants, who want places, and are going to the yearly statute fair, held on the green to-day."

"I should like to see this statute fair. You and I will disguise ourselves as country servants, and go and mingle in the throng."

"A capital idea!" exclaimed the maid.

"A most insane one!" said the lord.

"Do you think so?" demanded Henrietta.

"I do, indeed."

"Very well; then you shall go with me."

"I!" exclaimed the old beau, with affright.

"You! I have those peasant's garments which I wore at her Majesty's last masked ball; they will do excellently well for my disguise."

"You will never think of degrading yourself thus?"

"I will. And, furthermore, I insist upon your doing the same thing."

"Well, I won't refuse—I don't refuse."

"Then go instantly to your lodgings. In a quarter of an hour Nancy shall bring you some clothes. In half an hour I shall expect you to escort us to the statute fair."

"Ah! you are a great tyrant; but, nevertheless, I fly to execute your command," murmured the old beau, as, kissing the hand of his fair enslaver, he quitted the apartment.

And now the Lady Henrietta, with a lighter heart than she had felt for many a long day, prepared to dress for her coming adventure, little dreaming of the consequences that Fate held in store for her.

Meantime, the farm-laborers and servants had trudged gaily along the dusty road, making the welkin ring with their cheery old song, and at length reached the village green.

As the village clock chimed the three-quarters past eleven, the crowd, in accordance with ancient custom, flocked into various refreshment-booths to enjoy the usual ten minutes allotted for quaffing a glass or two of ale, preparatory to the formal opening of the fair by the Sheriff, which took place precisely at mid-day.

While the green was thus, for the moment, well-nigh emptied of its promenaders, a couple of exceedingly well-dressed and well-looking young farmers were seen approaching from a neighboring lane, doubtless for the purpose of hiring their necessary help for the coming twelvemonth. They had evidently come from some little distance, for the neat cart in which they drove was much bespattered with mud, and their horse, although a very good one, showed traces of a somewhat lengthened and rapid journey.

"Here we are at last, brother!" said the taller and stouter of them, as he drove up to one of the principal booths, and gave their conveyance into the charge of an ostler, who instantly made his appearance on hearing the measured hoof-beat, and the rasp of the rumbling wheels over the newly-gravelled road.

"Yes, here we are at last!" repeated the other, as they descended.

"Take care of the mare, old fellow!" said the one of the new comers who appeared to be the elder; "let her have a dry rub down, a good feed of oats, a shake of sweet hay to fall back upon, and half a bucket of spring water, with a handful of barley-meal stirred in it."

"All right, your honor!" answered the servitor, as he led the plain but substantial conveyance away to the temporary stables at the back of the booth.

These two young men, although not brothers in blood, were yet bound together by the closest ties of affection. They were both nearly of the same age, and possessed of similar tastes, habits and dispositions. The elder—a prosperous yeoman, named Plunket—had, since the recent death of his only surviving parent, become proprietor of a snug freehold farm, which had been in the occupation of his family ever since the days of Henry VI. But the birth and parentage of the younger—Lionel—was shrouded in mystery.

During the sad troubles at the close of Queen Mary's disastrous reign and the advent of Elizabeth, he had one night been brought to Plunket's father by a stranger, who, leaving a heavy purse of gold, entreated hospitality for the babe, and vanished so quickly from the house as to preclude all hope of explanation. When the purse was opened it was also found to contain a ring enclosed in a scrap of parchment, on which was written:—"Your kind care and fosterage is entrusted for this infant, who may one day be called to high destinies. If, from any cause whatever, danger should threaten his life or his well-being, let this ring be conveyed to the Queen: it will protect him from all open or concealed enemies, however numerous or powerful. His name is Lionel."

The good old farmer and his wife received the foundling thus strangely cast upon their cars with open arms. They brought him up with their own only son, and bestowed on him an equal share of kindly care and affectionate attention.

The contents of the purse had enabled them to add considerably to their "holding," and at their decease the foster-brothers found themselves left in joint possession of one of the prettiest and most profitable farms in the whole county of Surrey. The mother of the elder, who had retained the management of the property during her life, having died a few months previous to the opening of our tale, the two young men now for the first time visited the statute fair at Richmond for the purpose of the annual hiring of servants.

"What a scene of confusion!" remarked Lionel, as he looked with astonishment at the crowds of merry lads and lasses rushing from the tents and booths, and hastening to take their places, so that all should be in due order on the arrival of the Sheriff, who was now momentarily expected to proclaim the fair open.

"What a monstrous gibble-gabble! The Tower of Babel couldn't have been worse!" exclaimed Plunket.

"Let us hire the two servants we require, and be off home at once."

"With all my heart; but we must wait until the statute-hiring is proclaimed open, or the engagements wouldn't be binding."

"How long will it be?"

"Only a few minutes. It commences exactly as the clock strikes twelve. Have you seen any you think likely to suit us?"

"Not yet," answered the other, glancing around.

"Ah, we miss our poor mother sadly!"

"We do, indeed!"

"As our three men continue with us, we only require a female house-servant and a dairy-maid."

"That is all."

As the brothers wander up and down, chatting pleasantly with some strong, buxom lassies they fancy likely to suit, the village clock strikes mid-day, the Sheriff makes his appearance on a platform in the centre of the green, and, at the last stroke of the hour, proclaims that the hirings may lawfully begin; the offerings and acceptance of earnest-money—never less than a shilling, and never more than a crown or rose-noble—being the legal completion of the bargain.

In an instant, the confusion and hubbub became positively astounding. Scores of male and female servants, young and old, pretty and ugly, suddenly burst forth in ear-piercing vociferations of what they could do and the wages they would take; while dozens of masters and mistresses, in equally shrill or stentorian tones, proclaimed their wants, the services to be done, and the wages they would give. Terms were discussed, and refused or agreed upon; many bargains were struck; and very soon innumerable little departures to the booths and tents gave good ground for supposing earnest-money had been paid, and part of it, at all events, was about to be devoted to the further refreshment of the willing recipients.

In the midst of this scene of boisterous but good-humored bustle, two other female servants came upon the scene, and mixed unnoticed with the chattering crowd. They were both good-looking lasses, and very neatly and appropriately dressed, forming a strong contrast to many of their ruder compeers. At a little distance behind them a close observer might also have remarked a tall, grim, thin-faced, elderly farmer, hobbling along, as if the rheumatics had taken hold of his bones for many a long year.

This elderly person, in whom our readers will doubtless recognize a recent acquaintance, was speedily surrounded by a whole bevy of gamesome lads and buxom lasses, who, attracted by his singular appearance, began by offering all sorts of unheard-of services, and demanding every variety of exorbitant wages, until, half-driven to despair, he consented to stand horns of "jolly good ale and old" all round, and was thereupon borne off, with loud hurrahs, to the interior of one of the principal refreshment places, where for the present he must be left, to get rid of his good-humored young tormentors as best he can.

Meanwhile the brothers, who had been hitherto vainly looking round for the sort of servants they required, chanced to observe the two young girls who had just come on the green, and were now sauntering about and enjoying the fun most amazingly.

"Eh? There are a couple of lassies who, I fancy, may suit us. They seem clean and neat little bodies," whispered Lionel.

"True; and they've good-looking, honest faces, I think," replied Plunket.

"Very good-looking—very honest," pursued the other.

"Suppose we accost 'em?"

"With all my heart. You are the eldest; you shall be spokesman."

Notwithstanding their disguises, the maids can be readily recognized as the Lady Henrietta and her maid. Having noticed the fixed gaze and whispered consultation of the brothers, they resolved to carry on the joke. So when Plunket addressed an inquiry to them concerning their professional capabilities, they gave the assurance that one was a most capital dairy-maid, the other the best cook and housemaid in the whole county. After a great deal of gay, harmless badinage, a bargain was struck, and earnest money offered and accepted.

The ladies looked upon it as an admirable joke—the brothers, as a stern reality. So, having ordered their horse to be put to, they announced their intention of taking their servants immediately home to the farm-house.

The Lady Henrietta and her little tiring-woman were terrified beyond measure on finding that, by the acceptance of the earnest-money, they had unwittingly made a legal and binding contract. They dared not declare who they really were; and, in spite of their protestations and entreaties, were at length driven off in the brothers' market-cart, ruminating sadly on the perplexing position in which their joke had placed them, and resolving to make their escape, by some means or other, as soon as possible.

CHAPTER II.

A PERPLEXING SITUATION.

When the bewildered mistress and maid arrived at the young farmers' dwelling, their two employers soon found that, however they might admire the charming features of their new dairy-maid and cook, they had been wofully deceived with regard to the value of their services. Neither of them seemed to know anything whatever of the commonest household duties, and, what was worse, showed no disposition to learn. Both whimpered, and in spite of all remonstrances, sat themselves down on the sofa in the best parlor, vowing that they were too tired to keep their eyes open any longer; wishing, no doubt, to be once more alone together, in order to concoct a plan of escape from their most unpleasant thraldom.

Lionel, who seems to have fallen over head and ears in love with the disguised Lady Henrietta, would willingly have overlooked the deception practised on them by the useless "helps," who, as his brother roundly protested, were "not worth their salt." He even offered to assist Henrietta in the performance of the necessary duties of the evening; but Plunket—while he, too, could scarcely conceal a liking which he could not help feeling for Nancy—had yet quite sufficient strength of mind to command the immediate execution of several little essential kitchen duties. His behests, however, were uttered in so stern a tone that, to his astonishment, he not only received an exceedingly pert reply, but the saucy girl gave him so energetic a box on the ears that he staggered back in amazement, and his cheek bore certain significant finger-marks for well nigh a week afterwards.

Still, as both were more or less decidedly smitten with the personal charms of their new servants, matters were soon accommodated; a truce was proclaimed, work was announced to be over for that night, and the brothers retired to rest, leaving their disconsolate servant-maids to seek their bedrooms.

After waiting in mute expectation for a few moments, and listening to the receding footfalls, they got softly up from the sofa, peered about into all the cupboards, recesses, and crannies of the old parlor and kitchen, and then double-locked the doors, so that no one should enter without giving ample notice of approach.

They next proceeded, with great caution, to unclose the window shutters; and having effected this task with some difficulty, for they were of ponderous old, black oak, they found, to their great joy, that, with the help of a chair, easy admission could be gained into a garden, at the back of which nothing but an old quick-set hedge separated them from the high road.

Hitherto, both had kept profoundly silent. But now they had a whispered colloquy.

"Nancy!"

"My lady!"

"What shall we do next?"

"Ah! what, indeed?"

"We must fly!"

"But where? I have no idea in what part of the country we are."

"And I am equally in ignorance."

"Who can we get to guide us from this lone place at such an hour?"

"I can't tell, I'm sure."

"Oh, my lady, this is very shocking."

"It is dreadful!"

"And yet these farmers seem brave and honest men."

"Yes; and kindly ones, too."

"And very respectful."

"No doubt; but they appear quite determined not to part with us."

"Where did they put the horse and cart?"

"In the stable, I think; but we should never be able to get it out and harness it. And if we were, the noise of the rumbling old wheels would most certainly wake them."

"That's very true, my lady. Do you think we could get the horse out, and both ride away on that?"

"Impossible! Oh, dear me! if the Queen knew of this, I should be lost! She would never admit me at court again. I should be banished from her presence, and become the laughing-stock of all the courtiers. I should never survive it."

"Eh! Hark! Listen, my lady! What is that sound?"

"The noise of wheels."

"And getting louder and louder."

"Yes, yes; nearer and nearer."

"Mercy upon me! You hear it still, my lady?"

"Yes; and—and I think I see it."

"See what?"

"A carriage! Yes, it is a carriage! And it stops not fifty yards off, where there seems to be a turning in another road."

"Our friends are on our track."

"Hush! some one descends from the carriage—it is Lord Tristan."

"He's a fine, noble, gouty old fellow. I declare I'll never make game of him again."

"He approaches—now he opens the garden gate—he enters. Hist!—hist! this way, my lord."

There was a momentary pause of intense expectation, and then the poor, shrivelled face of the old nobleman made its appearance at the casement, with a grim Medusa frown upon it, that seemed quite sufficient to frighten the two poor, forlorn damsels out of their wits.

But need we say it changed as if by magic into an enraptured smile, when the Lady Henrietta threw her magnificent arms round his neck, and greeted him, before he could utter one word, with a hearty kiss?

Never was the old nobleman so enchanted before, since the world began. He had come prepared to empty the vials of his wrath on her devoted head; but her charming ripe lips had, without speaking one syllable, transformed Hades into Elysium.

He was utterly conquered—speechless with delight.

"Hush!" whispered she—"be silent! If that is not sufficient reward for the very great service you have rendered me—why, when we have got back safe and sound to Richmond I'll—I'll give you another."

* * * * *

Not one word more was spoken. In the dark, silent night they glided out of the window, through the garden, down the lane, and rapidly ascending the carriage, were, by the help of four excellent horses, in less than a couple of hours comfortably seated, chatting merrily, in the lady's drawing-room.

When the young farmers arose at dawn next morning, no words can describe their disappointment at finding the birds had flown, without leaving a single trace of their whereabouts.

CHAPTER III.

A HAPPY CONSUMMATION.

Several months had passed away since the strange adventure of the statute-fair. Autumn had faded into winter, but the arrival of once merry Christmas brought no joy to the old farm-house; for the passion which Lionel had so suddenly conceived for one of his "servants of a day" appeared to have driven him well nigh to distraction. He moped about the house or wandered gloomily through the neighborhood, avoided all society, took no interest in the farm-work and those field sports and labors which had hitherto been one of his chief delights, hardly vouchsafed a word of reply to his foster-brother's kindly remonstrances, and seemed to be fast becoming a melancholy misanthrope.

Spring returned, in her mantle of green, spangled with flowers and posies; but she brought with her no amelioration of Lionel's condition. He still wandered listlessly about, and seemed even more indifferent than ever to all the charms with which nature so lavishly clothed the neighborhood of that lovely village, near which the events of our tale occurred.

But at this period an incident took place, which had the effect of bringing about a sudden and complete alteration in his present position and future prospects.

As if by some strange magnetic sympathy, the mind of the Lady Henrietta, after the adventure of that memorable day and night when she was conveyed to, and escaped from, the young farmer's dwelling, seemed to undergo some unaccountable change.

Formerly, she was listless, and oppressed by lassitude; now she had become restless and impressionable. The imperturbable good temper and kindliness which always marked her bearing to and intercourse with her servants and dependants, had given place to frequent ill-humor. Even her personal friends were occasionally subject to these sudden gusts of passion. Before last Michaelmas statute-fair, everybody said she was blessed with the most equable temperament in the world; now all was changed. The weather-cock on the summit of Richmond church-steeple was not more uncertain in its ever-varying movements.

It would seem as if a genial, gentle temper had been overwhelmed by love. And it was too true. The young, high born lady had, during the short but eventful intercourse of that one day, unwittingly exchanged hearts with the young yeoman farmer.

Neither was aware of it at the time; both found it out gradually afterwards.

Yes, the little god had taken excellent aim, notwithstanding his blindness. He had shot his arrows home. There was no help for it. The barb could not be withdrawn. The delicious barb had taken effect, and was coursing through every vein. So it was—so it must be!

Magnetism is rapidly becoming a real science. Its vast powers, and its wondrous laws, are being fast developed; but will the knowledge of its profoundest professors ever enable them to unveil the laws which regulate and govern the magnetism of mutual affection? We doubt it.

* * * * *

It will be recollected that the mysterious personage who left Lionel, when an infant, to the care of a kind-hearted farmer, deposited with him a ring, with instructions on the parchment in which it was enclosed, that if ever the health or safety of the child should seem to require such a course, it should be sent to the Queen.

Now, when Plunket was compelled to be a daily and hourly witness of the continuance of those morbid symptoms which were increasingly overshadowing the intellect and influencing the conduct of his poor foster-brother, he privately determined to consult a neighboring physician, who was a man of much skill and vast experience in the treatment of all diseases of the mind.

The medical man soon afterwards called at the farm, on the pretext of purchasing some live stock, of which the yeoman's family had for ages been far-famed breeders, and he saw, and had a long conversation with Lionel, who had no suspicion of the real object of his visit. Quite enough transpired between them to convince the clever son of Esculapius that no medicine or treatment with which he was acquainted could effect any alteration in the love-lorn swain's condition; that something was preying on his mind with malefic power, and unless the cause of irritation could be removed, he would, in the course of no very long time, become a helpless, though harmless, maniac.

When Plunket heard this unwelcome news, he was deeply grieved and sorely perplexed. At first, he bethought him of procuring some other and possibly more skilful advice; but then, where could he obtain it? Who was more capable than the man who had just made so unfavorable a report?—there certainly was Dr. Masters, the Queen's own physician, who was renowned through Europe for his profound professional knowledge and acumen. But he had long discontinued private practice. Still, perhaps, he might, by some means, be prevailed on to come.

At length, while sadly cogitating over the matter, it struck him that the time had come to make use of the ring.

He would take means to have it conveyed to her Majesty's hands. Lionel's health had been pronounced in imminent danger; the occasion had arisen to test the efficacy of its power. The crisis had come—the Queen was even now at her palace at Richmond. Dr. Masters would assuredly be there in attendance on his Sovereign, and if the little talisman had any power whatever, it would at least secure a royal command for his immediate aid. He therefore resolved on the morrow to adventure on this supreme attempt to save the life and reason of his dear foster-brother.

That very night, without mentioning a word to Lionel on the subject, he took the ring and its parchment instructions from the old oak chest in which it had so long lain hid, and at dawn next morning he proceeded to Richmond Palace.

After no little difficulty, the ring in its envelope was sent up to her Majesty. It effected all he had ventured to hope—more, much more, than ever his wildest dreams had pictured, for it procured him a private interview with Elizabeth herself; who, after many close and searching questions concerning the circumstances under which the infant had been confided to his father's care, not only ordered Dr. Masters to accompany him home, but intimated that she herself would send further directions on the subject in the course of the following morning.

The next mid-day brought a royal command for Lionel's and Plunket's immediate personal attendance at the Palace; and on their arrival they found that this time the royal servants did not dare to bar their way. On the contrary, they were ushered into the presence of the virgin Queen with the most profound demonstrations of respect.

"What can all this mean?" whispered the crowd of courtiers to each other, as they lined the ante-chamber of her Majesty's audience-room.

It meant that Lionel had, through the evidence which the ring afforded, become Earl of Derwent. Though his father, when under royal displeasure, had been obliged to fly for his life, he had since been discovered to be no traitor to the Crown, but a most true and loyal subject; and as he had long since died in exile, his only son and heir, Lionel, was now, of course, restored to the forfeited title and estates.

Need we say that the young Earl speedily recovered from his melancholy proclivities, and married the Lady Henrietta; who also not only rapidly regained her equanimity and imperturbable good temper, but blessed their alliance with three pledges of love to cement and perpetuate their happy union.

Finally, the honest, hard-working yeoman, Plunket, who had never through life permitted any whims and fancies to divert him from his business, found a capital wife in saucy Nancy. He had loved her ever since she had given him that stinging box on the ears.

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In dyspepsia the gastric juice which should dissolve the food is only formed in small quantities, and whatever may be the feeling of emptiness and weakness in such cases, the dyspeptic should eat very sparingly. To remedy the evil, the mucous membrane of the stomach, which secretes and emits the gastric fluid, should be stimulated and toned, and the best. In fact the only sure preparation for this purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does this admirable stomachic promote a sufficient and steady supply of the solvent which converts the food to the purposes of life, but it also regulates the flow of bile, controls the bowels, and has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves. The glow which the very first dose diffuses through the system is an earnest of the more permanent vitalizing effects which are produced by its persistent use. It improves the appetite, cheers the spirits, and renders the body hardy and strong.

LIVER AND BLOOD DISEASES.

BY R. V. PIERCE, M. D.

A healthy liver secretes each day about two and a half pounds of bile, which contains a great amount of waste material taken from the blood. When the liver becomes torpid or congested, it fails to eliminate this vast amount of noxious substance, which, therefore, remains to poison the blood, and be conveyed to every part of the system. What must be the condition of the blood when it is receiving and retaining each day two and a half pounds of poison? Nature tries to work off this poison through other channels and organs—the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., but these organs become over-taxed in performing this labor in addition to their natural functions, and cannot long withstand the pressure, but become variously diseased.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, is unduly stimulated by the unhealthy blood, which passes to it from the heart, and it fails to perform its office healthfully. Hence the symptoms of bile poisoning, which are dullness, headache, incapacity to keep the mind on any subject, impairment of memory, dizzy, sleepy, or nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. The blood itself being diseased, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, it is so irritating and poisonous that it produces discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles and scrofulous tumors. The stomach, bowels, and other organs cannot escape becoming affected, sooner or later, and we have as the result, costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhœa. Other symptoms are common, as bitter or foul taste in the mouth, internal heat, palpitation, teasing cough, unsteady appetite, choking sensation in throat, bloating of stomach, pain in sides or about shoulders or back, coldness of extremities, etc., etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The liver being the great depurating or blood cleansing organ of the system—set this great "housekeeper of our health" at work, and the foul corruptions, which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose my Golden Medical Discovery, with very small doses daily of my Pleasant Purgative Pellets, are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influences. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system, are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use, the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA.

Founded August 4th, A. D. 1821.

R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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R. J. C. WALKER,
727 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Evening, June 6, 1874.

NEXT WEEK!

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY

RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE;" "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;" "BAFFLED;" "THE WHITE SPECTRE;" "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," &C., &C.

We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers that next week we shall give them the opening chapters of

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,

THE RAYMOND INHERITANCE,

A Serial which has been written expressly for us by an author who, though as yet new to our columns, has already won a reputation as a powerful and original novelist.

This Serial is full of incident and abounds in situations, the characters are drawn with a strong hand, and the plot is well worked up. It is, altogether, a work of ability and power, and cannot fail to rivet the attention of all readers.

We confidently predict that

THE EBONY CASKET

will be immensely popular with all who read it.

We take this opportunity of saying to our subscribers, from whom we are daily receiving so many warm commendations, that this is an excellent opportunity for them to recommend the

SATURDAY EVENING POST

to all their friends. In the next week's issue, in addition to the New Story above announced, will be found many novelties and attractions, and we shall continue to publish, from time to time, Serials that will far eclipse in interest all that we have hitherto done.

THE POETRY OF CHEMISTRY.

Nature is a great laboratory, a necromantic palace of mutation. Yet with all the flitting and fading of her dead and living children, she still preserves the old familiar face, and looks upon us with the same sweet mother's smile which gladdened the hearts of the old thinkers, and cheered the builders of the ancient temples. Nature has but a few simple materials, and neither crucible nor alembic in which to elaborate her new forms; and yet with this poverty of means does she trick out all the world in scenes of delicious beauty, and hedge round the waking thoughts of men with wonder upon wonder.

When men woke up from barbarism and night, and began to contemplate the beauty of the world, they saw that amid the multiplicity of colors and of forms, and in the endless metamorphoses of things around them, that whether they looked upon the granite peaks piercing the blue heaven with their hoary pinnacles; the wild sea, with its midnight moans and summer laughter; the blue heaven, with its storms and starlight beauty; or the green earth, with its clustering woods and waving grasses, blossoming all over from pole to pole with a garment of living verdure; still the same invisible forces were at work, weaving all things in a web of unity, and connecting the most incongruous things together. Hence, in their most mystic worship, and in the poetic utterances of their untamed hearts, they pictured nature under the various forms of Buddha, Vishnu, Osiris, Proteus, and Pan; all of them symbols of the same thought, and representing the creative power which for ever and ever transmits one form into another, and evokes from corruption and death the creatures of a new creation. The story of the Phœnix is the story of the world, and as one form crumbles into ashes, another starts from the dust, to continue the chain of beauty, and push on the series of utilities. As says the poet Young—

"Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors.
From human mould we reap our daily bread;
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel."

Chemical laws operate upon the minute atoms of which bodies are composed; and as all the atoms of matter have a spherical or globular form, the attractions and repulsions of atomic particles exhibit a close analogy to the attractions and repulsions of the worlds. It is possible, indeed, that there is but one attraction and one chemical law, and the phenomenon of an atom may be repeated in the dewdrop, in the bubble on the stream, and in the floating world. There is more poetry in the alembic and the test tube than the worldly dream about.

In one direction the earnest workers are probing the secrets of Nature, and unraveling one by one the mystic threads that run through all her fabrications; and in another, poet-minds are arranging and diffusing the facts which the former have made known, that all the world may become inheritors of the new possession, and dwell with increased joy on the contemplation of these new treasures of the Almighty's handiwork. If the imaginings of the early world were brilliant and startling, the facts of modern chemists are imbued with a poetry more lofty still, while they have for their basis the solid ground of truth, and stand separated by a wide gulf from the fantasies of fiction. What original fiction of aerial temples, or rainbow daughters of the sky, can for a moment be compared with the simple chemistry of the atmosphere, or the rainbows themselves? This soft, universal, azure medium in which the round world swings, and which holds the seas in its arms, letting them fall drop by drop in fatness to the earth, or that spanning archway of the angels, formed by millions of separate particles of rain, each particle a prism, which cuts up the rays of light into separate parts, and explains their anatomy and their colors? Indeed, there is more wonder in truth than in fable, and more poetry in fact than in fiction.

SITTING IN SUNSHINE.

"To sit in sunshine, calm and sweet, is an excellent thing for an invalid."

These words met the eye of Mr. Stephen Strongway, as he glanced over the pages of a book, taken at random from the table in his wife's parlor.

"'To sit in sunshine calm and sweet.' That would be a beautiful existence indeed, even taken only in a physical sense of the words; while to sit all the time in *mental* sunshine—"

Mr. Strongway dropped his head upon his hand, and a sigh stole almost unconsciously from his lips at the thought.

He was worthy of his name—a *strong* man mentally and physically, and with all a strong man's impatience of, not to say contempt for, weakness, in whatever form it was manifested.

Mrs. Strongway was a delicate creature—loving, trustful and timid. She was overwhelmed by her husband's contempt of weakness, and shrank from exhibiting her affection towards him; and she and her children drooped under the chill which the shadow of his stateliness constantly kept upon his home.

But now Alicia, his wife, was ill—dying; and his thoughts were tuned to softer strains, and the sentence, "To sit in sunshine, calm and sweet, is an excellent thing for an invalid," struck home to his inmost soul. His wife had never had any sunshine of home, or of love, in which to bask; but he resolved it should be so no longer.

Alicia's early home at the sea-side was for sale; and if she wished it it, he would purchase the old house, as a summer retreat in future years for herself and her children.

In future years? Nay, what had the grave-faced family doctor told him only that very day! He dashed the tears impatiently from his eyes. The doctor must be mistaken. Alicia *could* live! It was not yet too late to repair the ravages his coldness and unkindness had made. Even as he thought this, a hollow cough struck upon his ear, and his wife crossed the hall and entered the parlor.

"Alicia," he said, gently, "you are very ill."

She looked up at him, and her soft brown eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, Stephen."

"Our doctor has been with me to-day, my dear. He has told me that you are dying."

"Yes, Stephen."

And the brown eyes looked into his wistfully, as if saying, "Do you care?"

"You knew this, Alicia?"

"I have known it for some time—long before he discovered it, Stephen."

The question was on *his* lips now:—"Do you care, Alicia?"

The soft eyes filled once more.

"Oh, Stephen, I dread to leave you and our dear children. I have loved you so! I may say it without offending you, now that you know I am dying."

"God forgive me!" he cried. "Have I then been so unkind that you have *feared* to tell me of your love till now?"

"You have not been unkind, Stephen," she hastened to say. "Only—I think men do not quite understand a woman's heart sometimes. It is so necessary for us to love, and to be loved, and to show that love, Stephen, and to have it shown, that—"

"That I see it all, my darling, and know now exactly just how great the mischief is and how it has been done," said her husband, clasping her to his heart. "Forgive me, my darling. We will go from here at once, to your old home where we first knew and loved each other, and I will see if I cannot bring the lost roses back to these cheeks, the lost light to those dear brown eyes. Kiss me, Alicia, and you shall 'sit in sunshine, calm and sweet,' in future, if I have the power to bring it round your path."

He kept his word. And did Alicia die?

On the contrary, she disgraced her physician for ever by growing strong, and well, and healthy, and happy in the calm, sweet sunshine of her husband's love. It never rained again. And she and her children have lost all their fear of him, in this strangely altered state of things; while all who have business dealings with him of late, can scarcely recognise the once stern and haughty and masterful man.

"To sit in the sunshine, calm and sweet," is indeed "good for an invalid"—it is good for all. Reader, if in that blessed heart-sunshine you sit to-day, thank heaven humbly for the gift; for some there are on whose darkened paths no ray of radiance—no glance of true affection ever falls.

MOTHERS, SPEAK KINDLY.

Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and they often become permanent habits in them. When mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or the decided look of her steady eye, is law, they always think of obedience, either in or out of sight. Oh, mother! it is worth a good deal to cultivate that excellent thing in woman, a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little one, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens at all; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the turf. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. What legacy will you leave to your children?

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

SONG.

BY PAULINE CALVERT.

Thy face, my love, is like the flowers
And songs and suns of June—
A dream of sweetest morning hours,
Of summer time and tune.
How bright upon these harsher airs,
Within these duller days,
Thy beauty laughs and blooms, and wears
The grace of June always!

Thou daughter of that flowery time,
Which leads the months of sun,
I sing to thee a song whose rhyme
Thy loveliness has won.
Oh, blessed is the fairy light
And glow-stir of youth
To dimmest souls clearer comes the sight
Of God and Heaven's truth.

WILLIAM TELL.

BY H. F.

We do not know whether the learned men of Switzerland have entirely given up their faith in the historical character of William Tell, but we believe there is little doubt that the sages of Germany have voted him, by a large majority, a legend or a myth.

It is a pity,—for if there ever was a character drawn in glowing and generous colors, and which was calculated to encourage the growth of all that is noble and patriotic in the youthful mind, it was that of Tell.

We remember well the enthusiasm with which when a boy we read the life of the Swiss hero by Florian. Of course we read it with implicit faith, for not a word had then been breathed calculated to throw the least shadow of doubt upon the perfect truthfulness of the narrative. How the three patriots met on the shore of the lake, in the obscurity and security of night, to plan the deliverance of their country from the hateful yoke of Austria. And then of the wicked Gesler, and his cap hung upon a pole in the market place, to which every one was expected to render obeisance. How Tell refused. And how the tyrant commanded him, on pain of instant death, to prove his skill as an archer by piercing with an arrow the apple placed upon the head of his child. How the heroic father at first refused, and then consented to the cruel test, and was successful. And then, in answer to Gesler, when the latter asked what he had taken the second arrow for:—"To pierce thy heart, tyrant, in case my unhappy hand had failed in its skill, and slain my son."

Then the storm upon the lake of Uri, when Tell was being conveyed to prison by Gesler and his myrmidons—and the appeal to Tell by the frightened Austrians to take the helm and save them. The reader saw the hero grasp the helm, steer the boat to the side of a flat rock, spring on the land, and, as he fled, let fly an arrow that pierced the tyrant to the heart, and almost of itself delivered Switzerland.

And now, the historians say that it is all a legend or a myth! No such man as William Tell ever lived. Even the name of Tell is not found in the Swiss annals. If it be as they say, the more is the pity.

Antiquarius looks into his musty tomes, and informs us with a slightly sarcastic smile that he finds some contemporary accounts of the overthrow of the Austrian power in Switzerland, but nothing about Tell, or any of his marvellous adventures—the apple included. Only as the centuries roll does he begin to hear of Tell and his wonderful doings. And the further off the historians are from the time these romantic things happened, the more they seem to know about them—until finally they could almost describe to you the color of his coat and breeches.

Antiquarius says that he doubts habitually all history of which the contemporaneous annalists know nothing, and writers who lived several hundreds of years afterwards everything. Antiquarius is not a poet—he is nothing if not critical.

Tell is said to have performed that feat of shooting the apple in 1307. But a Danish writer, named Saxo Grammaticus (probably from his ignorance of grammar), who lived one to two hundred years before that, relates the same story of a skillful archer named Toki and King Harold Bluetooth. In this case Toki also takes a second arrow for the King, and makes the same reply when asked what he had intended to do with it.

A similar story is also told in Norwegian history of King Olaf and a heathen named Eindridi—and this time it happened in 1030. It is also told of Hemingr, another Norse archer, who flourished in 1066. And again, in the Faroe Isles, of Geyti, Aslak's son—it being a nut in this and other cases, instead of an apple, and therefore even more wonderful. The ancient verse says, according to Antiquarius:—

"On the string the shaft he laid,
And God hath heard his prayer
He shot the little nut away,
Nor hurt the lad a hair.

"'List thee, Geyti, Aslak's son,
And truly tell to me,
Wherefore had thou arrows twain
Within the wood with thee?'

"'Therefore had I arrows twain
Within the wood with me,
Had I but hurt my brother dear,
The other had pierced thee.'"

The same story, a little varied, is also found in the poetry of Attar, a Persian who flourished in the early part of the twelfth century.

Whereupon Antiquarius concludes that the existence of the same story in so many kindred nations proves that it was one of the household legends that belonged to their Aryan progenitors, in the old family home on the high table-lands of Central Asia.

Something of the kind might really have happened hundreds if not thousands of years before the Swiss rising against the Austrian power. But the learned German savants, of course, find in the whole story simply an ancient myth—Tell being but a representation of Apollo, the sun-god; the arrow probably frost, or perhaps the lightning; the boy Spring, or something else; the apple, it may be, some kindred to

"the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world."

Ah well, we suppose that simple prosaic truth is more valuable in the pages of history than the noblest romancing—but still we cannot restrain a benevolent wish that Antiquarius had gone stone-blind before he turned his curious, prying eyes upon the grand and glorious story of William Tell.

PRESIDENT WIRCHELL, in his new book on Evolution, is very cautious in his statements, and careful not to commit himself too far in support of his theory. He thinks, with Spencer, that "the efficient cause of evolution, is a mode of the Unknowable," but rejects that writer's dogma of the "Unknowable," holding "that the cause of evolution is a mode or volition of the incomprehensible Mind." If this distinction is incomprehensible, or not perfectly clear to the average mind of our readers, we can't help it. It is what the President says.

LUCILLA'S LOVE LETTERS.

BY W. A. H.

"Are there any more of these letters?"

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "no," and dared not say "yes," and as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as indeed she had, and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder.

"Please *don't* be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a very nice young man, and it is our fault, after all, as much as hers; and you won't break her heart, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is, I only——" gasped the little woman; and hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons for the past year.

For all this disturbance came of a music master—a black-eyed young man, who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla Richmond for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest merchants in the city.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music master, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared; and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hands as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, just six little white envelopes, tied with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter. He gathered them up with scorn.

"Look these up until I return home this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see this music master on any pretence."

And then Lucilla went down upon her knees.

"Oh, dear papa!" she cried; "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him. I couldn't bear it, indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond, rising. "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfection, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music master is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and took his way towards those mysterious precincts known to women-kind in general only as "the City."

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I *can't* blame you; it was just so with me. *I* ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so very nice. I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters, there'll be no hope, I'm afraid," sobbed Lucilla.—"Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "*Such* letters as he wrote to me! I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know); and I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But that he *would* she dared not promise.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down, and then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and as she placed them in one pretty pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle tied just as those were, and drew them out.

These were letters to a Lucilla also—one who had received them twenty years before; and she—now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters were all so much alike.

Just half a dozen. Just the same number—and much more desperate than those the music-master had written to her daughter. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she never had attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, as something in her pocket rustled as she moved. And she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence.—Then having adjourned to the drawing-room, much as an executioner and a couple of culprits might have proceeded to the gallows, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded the letters.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it back with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond repeated still more sternly, "Those absurd letters, if you please, ma'am?"

And then the little woman faltered out, "I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I think I have them;" and she gave him a white pile of envelopes encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen-leaf.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practise such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us, Lucilla. Let me see! Ah! 'From the first moment he adored you,' eh? Nonsense! People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance, and respect, and attachment. What next? 'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl. 'Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you, or die!' Dear, dear, dear, how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter, and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented. "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah, now, in number three this blessed fellow calls you 'an angel!' He is dramatic, upon my word! And what is all this? 'Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am by birth a gentleman, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla.' Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that sort," murmured poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried. "I'll go to the rascal this instant—I'll horsewhip him! As for you, by Jove, Protestant or not, I'll send you to a convent! Elope! elope with a music-master! I'm ashamed to call you a daughter! Where's my hat? Here, John, come here! I——"

But here Lucilla caught one arm, and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, *have* you gone crazy?" said Lucilla. "Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word, it is not! Do look, please—it is dated twenty years back—and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, those are your love-letters to mamma, written so long ago! Her name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said, sternly.

Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed out, "I did it on purpose!" and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment.

But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and to creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charles," she said, "it's so long ago, we are both altered a good deal, and I thought you might not exactly remember how you fell in love with me at first sight, and how papa and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plain as it was then, we must let dear Lucilla marry the man she likes—who is nice, if he is not rich. *I* did not need it to be brought back my plainer myself—women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy, have we not?"

And, certainly, Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So, Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little stratagem next morning. It was favorable to the young music-master, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as to propose an elopement; and, in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father, and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little stratagem had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

A cottage, poetically speaking, is a small but picturesque domicile—embowered in roses and situated "near a wood"—adapted to the accommodation of three individuals—a gentleman, his wife, and a little boy with a bow and arrows and wings. Poesy assumes that a bridegroom who "no revenue hath" may live in a state of ecstatic bliss with a dowerless bride in such a residence. Subsidence is a secondary consideration. Bread and cheese and kisses are all-sufficient; and, in the absence of the grosser items, the epicurean food last mentioned is of itself excellent love-in-a-cottage fare. What cares Cupid for Cates—cates with the C we mean, for kates with a K are a different matter. He laughs larders as well as locksmiths to scorn. He feeds on fancies, and, like his bilious brother Jealousy, grows by what he feeds on. Such at least is the sentimental notion of that spooney little divinity, as the guest of a cottage tenanted by a cashless pair.

But sober Prose—a bluff fellow that delights in throwing cold water on the beautiful and the tender—suggests that moneyless couples, who hope to retain love as a permanent lodger, had better look to their windows, out of one of which, if nothing for dinner comes in at the door, he is apt to fly. Any one who has seen a portrait of the boy Cupid, and noted his chubbiness of outline, must know of course that he is no chameleon, to live on air. From a cottage, where there is nothing to eat, and more sentiment than industry and energy, he is pretty sure to make off at the first opportunity in search of cosier quarters—some shanty, perhaps, where the vulgar garden grows cabbages and potatoes, and the interior atmosphere has an appetizing flavor of beefsteak and onions. There can be no doubt that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith;" but when it is all herbs and no ox the year round, disgust, if not hatred, will be very likely to take love's place at the board. Upon the whole, therefore, substantial and permanent "wedded bliss" is scarcely to be hoped for in a cottage where there is more play for the imagination than the teeth.

THE BARGAINING SEX.

In the definitions that have been given of man, both sexes have generally been comprehended. Thus, when we say that a man is a laughing animal, or a cooking animal, we include woman in the category. But it has recently been insisted that in defining the species, we ought to make at least one special moral distinction between the genders. Woman, it is alleged, is a *bargaining animal*, while man is not. We are inclined to think that this position is well taken. It has been viciously said the incomparable sex is addicted to scandal, to the disclosure of secrets, to groundless jealousy, and to extravagance in dress, all of which charges we, on behalf of the better portion of the genus, pronounce libelous; but that woman likes to drive a bargain it were useless to deny.

Married reader of the imperative sex, if you want to be clothed, lodged, and fed on the cheapest possible terms, let your wife be your domestic factor. There is nothing of which she knows the value that she cannot purchase at a lower price than you can. You are the "noble creature" of the establishment, of course; but she is endowed with a peculiar faculty which you lack, or which, at least, you possess only in an inferior degree—namely, her bargaining faculty. Butchers, bakers, grocers, shoe-makers, furniture-dealers, retail traders of every class, would much rather deal with you than your wife. They may say "she beats them down;" but the truth is, that she gets their commodities at a fair price, while you, in your lordly, off-hand way, pay whatever they are pleased to ask, without question or remonstrance, and thereby superinduce that

"——consummation of all earthly ills,
The inflammation of the weekly bills."

LOVE is not ripened in one day, nor many, nor even in a human lifetime. It is the oneness of soul with soul in appreciation and perfect trust. To be blessed, it must rest in that faith in the divine which underlies every other emotion. To be true, it must be eternal.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE ladies of London are now wearing the Disraeli curl.

ACCORDING to a recent published statement, the number of failures in the United States for 1872 was 4069; total liabilities, $121,056,000. For 1873, 6183; total liabilities, $228,499,000.

AMONG the European economies is the gathering up of sugar-tips, cut off before smoking. In Dantzic one boy is fed, clothed and schooled, each year, from the proceeds, and in Berlin a small asylum is supported by them.

THE present year being generally accepted as the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the art of printing into England, a public exhibition of antiquities and curiosities connected with the art is to be held at London, in June next.

AS it stands, the Tichborne property, which was so stoutly contested for by "the claimant," will all be absorbed by the charges of the lawyers for the defence. So that it really mattered little how the case went, inasmuch as there was nothing left for either side.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER makes this comprehensive reply to an anxious questioner who is desirous of knowing whether a man can love his second wife as well as the first: "That depends on what sort of a wife the first was, and what kind of a life the second leads him."

THE value of a husband in Kentucky, has been legally adjudged at eighty-five dollars. To be sure the husband's name was Gudgell, which may partially account for the low price put upon him; but one would think that even a Gudgell would be worth more than eighty-five dollars.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD thinks that some people have two brains, the right and the left. According to the law of comprehension this should be so. Very many persons have very little brain "left," and that little is not altogether "right." Philosophers as well as physiologists, have also noted that there are beings who have no brain at all.

THE Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has resolved to celebrate the fiftieth year of its foundation by an exhibition of art and manufactures, to be held in that city from the 5th to the 31st of October next. The manufacturers and inventors of the United States have been invited to contribute to the proposed display, and compete for the prizes.

READ, O humane poultry-keepers, of the successful treatment of a chicken benumbed by cold and weakened by hunger, after having been left neglected by a careless hen upon a frosty morning. The chick was placed before a fire, and a few drops of brandy and water were administered. After the first dose, the second "went down as though the chick rather liked it," and in the evening it was returned to the nest as well and as strong as the others which went not astray. But it has forfeited forever the respect of the temperance crusaders; all that it can plead is that it is a Brahma chicken.

IT is a curious fact that while some people have a strong antipathy for cats others are extravagantly fond of them. A writer in "Chambers' Journal" tells of one Captain Logan who could not endure the sight of a cat or a kitten, and though a tall, strong man, would climb upon a chair if a cat entered the room, not daring to come down until the creature was removed from his presence. On the other hand one Mrs. Griggs, who lived in Edinburg, kept in her house no less than eighty-six living cats, and had besides, twenty-eight dead ones in glass cases, immortalized by the art of the taxidermist.

THE crowing of a hen is thought to be ominous of something unusual being about to happen to its owners; but in this case the omen is not necessarily a bad one, as it seems to be considered in some parts of England at the present day. It will, perhaps, hardly be believed—but it is a fact nevertheless—that during the summer of last year and only some sixty miles from London, when an unfortunate hen took to crowing, the neighbors in their superstitious terror forced its owner to wring its neck, being under the impression that that cruel proceeding alone could save them from the evil which they fancied was impending over them.

THE Two ANGELS.—A traveler who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervish; and it seems even more beautiful than Sterne's beautiful figures of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is well done is well done forever. When he does evil he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims: 'Gracious Alla, I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but, if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel on his right shoulder weeps."

A GREAT variety of articles, including grain bags, wagon covers, floor covers, ropes, sails, &c., are made in Russia from the inner bark of the bass wood or linden tree, a million of trees being destroyed annually in the manufacture, and the value of the articles produced amounting to $2,400,000. The bark is collected by the peasants, in May and June, when the ascent of the sap renders peeling easy. That of the lower part of the trunk, generally employed for roofing, is obtained in pieces about 5½ by 3½ feet, and is warmed and pressed to prevent its curling. That of the upper part of the trunk and of the branches is tied in bundles, and rotted under water until September, when it is dried by the aid of heat, and separated into thin, delicate strips, suitable for weaving into matting, and varying in weight according to the use to be made of it. The heaviest is sold at the Nishni Novgorod Fair, at about $24 per hundred weight.

THE subject of steam lanes across the Atlantic, or well defined routes for ocean steamships voyaging between America and Europe, is attracting renewed attention, in consequence of the recent disasters. The object is to have different tracks to be pursued by the eastward and westward bound steamers, so that they will not come into collision, whilst the fleet that are proceeding in either direction will at the same time be kept on comparatively the same track, and the vessels in case of disaster can aid each other. Four or five steamers now leave each side of the Atlantic every day, the chief travel being between New York and Liverpool. A number of the leading lines have already adopted different routes for their eastern and western bound traffic, and the indication is that the practice will come into general use, without any legal enactment on the subject, either by England or this country. Everything that has a tendency to lessen the risk of marine disaster should be encouraged—safety being a paramount consideration to speed in an ocean voyage.

ONE WEEK AFTER.

BY MAUD.

It was here you stood, and a week has gone:
There's a deeper tinge in the hyacinth's pink,
The grass is greener upon the lawn,
Your eyes are smiling, and yet I think—
Oh, woman heart—that they see but ill
The spot where my vestrunk hope was slain:
Do I blame you, then? Nay, I bless you still,
Mid the pangs of loss, for the small, sweet gain.

I bless your hand for its gentle touch,
Your voice for its calm, low tones that day,
That kept me from feeling overmuch
The sting of the words you had to say.
In your eyes there gathered a tender mist,
On your lips the pity was half divine:
Oh, never a beautiful hope was kissed
To its death so sweetly as this of mine.

Blame? Nay, if a blossomless tree could mistake
A flower, wind-blown from some garden near,
For its own white beauty, and grow for its sake,
Proud and happy as crowned ones are—
Could it claim the flower for its own fond cheat,
When the alien withered and drooped and fell?
So I leave my dead hope here at your feet,
With only a blessing—Sweetheart, farewell.

EAST LYNNE;

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. CARLYLE INVITED TO SOME PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

A SIGHING morning wind swept round the domains of East Lynne. Bending the tall poplar-trees in the distance, swaying the oak and elm near, rustling the fine old chestnuts in the park; a melancholy, sweeping lifeless wind. The weather had changed from brightness and warmth, and heavy, gathering clouds seemed to be threatening rain; so at least, deemed one wayfarer, who was journeying on a solitary road, that Saturday night.

He was on foot. A man attired in the garb of a sailor, with black, curling ringlets of hair, and black curling whiskers; a prodigious pair of whiskers, hiding his neck above his blue, turned collar, hiding partially his face. The glazed hat, brought low upon his brows, concealed it still more; and he wore a loose, rough pea-jacket and wide rough trousers hitched up with a belt. Bearing steadily on, he struck into Bean-lane, a by-way already mentioned in this history, and from thence passing through a small, unfrequented gate, he found himself in the grounds of East Lynne.

"Let me see," mused he, as he closed the gate behind him, and slipped the bolt. "The covered walk? That must be near the acacia trees. Then I must wind round to the right. I wonder if either of them will be there, waiting for me?"

Yes. Pacing the covered walk in her bonnet and mantle, as if taking an evening stroll—had any one encountered her, which was very unlikely, seeing that it was the most retired spot in the grounds—was Mrs. Carlyle.

"Oh, Richard! my poor brother!"

Locked in a yearning embrace, emotion overpowered both. Barbara sobbed like a child. A little while, and then he put her from him, to look at her.

"So Barbara, you are a wife now?"

"Oh, the happiest wife? Richard, sometimes I ask myself what I have done, that God should have showered down blessings so great upon me. But for the sad trouble when I think of you, my life would be as one long summer's day. I have the sweetest baby—nearly a year old he is now; I shall have another soon, God willing. And Archibald—oh, I am so happy!"

She broke suddenly off with the name "Archibald;" not even to Richard could she speak of her intense love for, and happiness in her husband.

"How is it at the Grove?" he asked.

"Quite well; quite as usual. Mamma has been in better health lately. She does not know of this visit, but"——

"I must see her," interrupted Richard. "I did not see her last time, you remember."

"All in good time to talk of that. How are you getting on in Liverpool? What are you doing?"

"Don't inquire too closely, Barbara. I have no regular work, but I get a job at the docks, now and then, and rub on. It is seasonable help, that, which comes to me occasionally from you. Is it from you or Carlyle?"

Barbara laughed. "How are we to distinguish? His money is mine now, and mine is his. We don't have separate purses, Richard; we send it to you jointly."

"Sometimes I have fancied it came from my mother."

Barbara shook her head. "We have never allowed mamma to know that you left London, or that we hold an address where we can write to you. It would not have been done."

"Why have you summoned me here, Barbara? What has turned up?"

"Thorn has—I think. You would know him again, Richard?"

"Know him!" passionately echoed Richard Hare.

"Were you aware that a contest for the membership is going on at West Lynne?"

"I saw it in the newspapers. Carlyle against Sir Francis Levison. I say, Barbara, how could he think of coming here to oppose Carlyle after his doings with Lady Isabel?"

"I don't know," said Barbara. "I wonder that he should come here for other reasons also. First of all, Richard, tell me how you came to know Sir Francis Levison. You say you did know him, and that you had seen him with Thorn."

"So I do know him," answered Richard, "and I saw him with Thorn twice."

"Know him by sight only, I presume. Let me hear how you came to know him."

"He was pointed out to me. I saw him walk arm-in-arm with a gentleman, and I showed them to the waterman at the cab-stand hard by. 'Do you know that fellow?' I asked him, indicating Thorn, for I wanted to come at who he really is—which I didn't do. 'I don't know that one,' the old chap answered, 'but the one with him is Levison the baronet. They are often together—a couple of swells, both.' And a couple of swells they looked."

"And that's how you got to know Levison?"

"That was it," said Richard Hare.

"Then, Richard, you and the waterman made a mess of it between you. He pointed out the wrong or you did not look at the right. Thorn is Sir Francis Levison."

Richard stared at her with all his eyes.

"Nonsense, Barbara."

"He is. I have not doubted it ever since the night you saw him in Bean-lane. The action you described, of his pushing back his hair, his white hands, his sparkling diamond ring, could only apply, in my mind, to one person—Francis Levison. On Thursday I drove by the Raven, when he was speechifying to the people, and I noticed the self-same action. In the impulse of the moment I wrote off for you, that you might come and set the doubt at rest. I need not have done it, it seems, for when Mr. Carlyle returned home that evening, and I acquainted him with what I had done, he told me that Thorn and Francis Levison are one and the same. Otway Bethel recognized him that same afternoon, and so did Ebenezer James."

"They'd both know him," eagerly cried Richard. "James I am positive would, for he was skulking down to Hallijohn's often then, and saw Thorn a dozen times. Otway Bethel must have seen him also, though he protested he had not. Barbara?"

The name was uttered in affright, and Richard plunged amidst the trees, for somebody was in sight—a tall, dark form, advancing from the end of the walk. Barbara smiled. It was only Mr. Carlyle, and Richard emerged again.

"Fears still, Richard," Mr. Carlyle exclaimed, as he shook Richard cordially by the hand. "So you have changed your travelling toggery."

"I couldn't venture here again in the old suit; it had been seen, you said," returned Richard. "I bought this rig-out yesterday, second-hand. Two pounds for the lot—I think they shaved me."

"Ringlets and all?" laughed Mr. Carlyle.

"It's the old hair, oiled and curled," cried Dick. "The barber charged a shilling for doing it, and cut my hair into the bargain. I told him not to spare grease, for I liked the curls to shine—sailors always do. Mr. Carlyle, Barbara says that Levison and that brute Thorn—the one's as much of a brute as the other, though—have turned out to be the same."

"They have, Richard, as it appears. Nevertheless it may be as well for you to take a private view of Levison before anything is done—as you once did by the other Thorn. It would not do to make a stir, and then discover that there was a mistake—that he was not Thorn."

"When can I see him?" asked Richard, eagerly.

"It must be contrived somehow. Were you to hang about the doors of the Raven—this evening, even—you'd be sure to get the opportunity, for he is always passing in and out. No one will know you, or think of you, either; their heads are turned with the election."

"I shall look odd to people's eyes. You don't get many sailors in West Lynne."

"Not odd at all. We have a Russian bear here at present, and you'll be nobody beside him."

"A Russian bear?" repeated Richard, while Barbara laughed.

"Mr. Otway Bethel has returned in what is popularly supposed to be a bear's hide; hence the new name he is greeted with. Will it turn out, Richard, that he had anything to do with the murder?"

Richard shook his head.

"He couldn't have had, Mr. Carlyle; I have said so all along. But about Levison. If I find him to be the man Thorn, what steps can then be taken?"

"That's the difficulty," said Mr. Carlyle.

"Who will set it agoing. Who will move in it?"

"You must, Richard."

"I?" uttered Richard Hare, in consternation. "I move in it?"

"You, yourself. Who else is there? I have been thinking it well over, and can hit upon no one."

"Why, won't you take it upon yourself, Mr. Carlyle?"

"No. Being Levison," was the quiet answer.

"Curse him!" impetuously retorted Richard. "Curse him doubly if he be the double villain. But why should you scruple, Mr. Carlyle? Most men, wronged as you have been, would leap at the opportunity for revenge."

"For the crime perpetrated upon Hallijohn I would pursue him to the scaffold. For my own wrong, no. But the remaining negative has cost me something. Many a time, since this appearance of his at West Lynne, have I been obliged to lay violent control upon myself, or I should have horse-whipped him within an ace of his life."

"If you had horsewhipped him to death he would only meet his deserts."

"I leave him to a higher retribution—to one who says, 'Vengeance is mine.' I believe him to be guilty of the murder, but if the uplifting of my finger would send him to his disgraceful death, I would tie down my hand rather than lift it, for I could not, in my own mind, separate the man from the injury. Though I might ostensibly pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he would appear ever as the destroyer of another, and the world, always charitable, would congratulate Mr. Carlyle upon gratifying his revenge. I stir in it not, Richard."

"Couldn't Barbara?" pleaded Richard.

Barbara was standing with her arm entwined within her husband's, and Mr. Carlyle looked down at her as he answered:

"Barbara is my wife."

It was a sufficient answer.

"Then the thing's again at an end," said Richard gloomily, "and I must give up hope of ever being cleared."

"By no means," said Mr. Carlyle. "The one who ought to act in this is your father, Richard; but we know he will not. Your mother cannot. She has neither health nor energy for it; and if she had a full supply of both, she would not dare to brave her husband and use them in the cause. My hands are tied: Barbara's equally so, as part of me. There only remains yourself."

"And what can I do?" wailed poor Dick. "If your hands are tied, I'm sure my whole body is, speaking in comparison; hands, and legs, and *neck*. It's in jeopardy, that is, every hour."

"Your acting in this affair need not put it any the more in jeopardy. You must stay in the neighborhood for a few days"——

"I dare not," interposed Richard, in a fright. "Stay in the neighborhood for a few days! No! that I never may."

"Listen, Richard. You must put away these timorous fears; or else you must make up your mind to remain under the ban for good; and, remember, your mother's happiness is at stake equally with yours—I could almost say her life. Do you suppose I would advise you for danger? You used to say there was some place, a mile or two from this, where you could sojourn in safety."

"So there is. But I always feel safer when I get away from it."

"There your quarters must be, for two or three days, at any rate. I have turned matters over in my own mind, and will tell you what I think should be done, so far as the preliminary step goes, though I do not interfere myself."

"Only the preliminary step! There must be a pretty many to follow it, sir, if it's to come to anything. Well, what is it?"

"Apply to Ball and Treadman; and get them to take it up."

They were now slowly pacing the covered walk, Barbara on her husband's arm; Richard by the side of Mr. Carlyle. "You might as well advise me to go before the bench of magistrates at once. Ball and Treadman would walk me off there as soon as I showed myself."

"Nothing of the sort, Richard. I do not tell you to go openly to their office, as another client would. What I would advise is this: make a friend of Mr. Ball; he can be a good man and true, if he chooses; tell the whole story to him in a private place and interview. If he is fully impressed with the conviction that you are innocent, and the guilty as the facts appear to warrant, he will undertake it. Treadman need know nothing of the affair at first; and when Ball puts things in motion, he need not know that you are here, or where you are to be found."

"I don't dislike Ball," mused Richard; "and if he would only give his word to be true, I know he would be. The difficulty will be, who is to get the promise from him?"

"I will," said Mr. Carlyle. "I will so far pave the way for you. That done, my interference is over."

"How will he go about it, think you—if he does take it up?"

"That is his affair. "I know how I should."

"How, sir?"

"You cannot expect me to say, Richard. I might as well act for you."

"I know. You'd go at it slap-dash, and arrest Levison off-hand, on the charge."

A smile parted Mr. Carlyle's lips, for Dick had just guessed it. But his countenance gave no clue by which anything could be gathered.

A thought flashed across Richard's mind; a thought which rose up on end even his false hair. "Mr. Carlyle!" he uttered, in an accent of horror, "if Ball should take it up in that way against Levison, he must apply to the bench for a warrant."

"Well?" quietly returned Mr. Carlyle.

"And they'd send and clap me into prison? You know the warrant is always out against me."

"You'd never make a conjurer, Richard. I don't pretend to say, or guess, at what Ball's proceedings may be. But, in applying to the bench for a warrant against Levison—should that form part of them—is there any necessity to bring you in? to say, 'Gentlemen, Richard Hare is within reach, ready to be taken?' Your fears run away with your common sense, Richard."

"Ah, well; if you had lived with the cord around your neck this many a year, not knowing, any one hour, but it might get tied the next, you'd lose your common sense too, at times," humbly sighed poor Richard. "What's to be my first move, sir?"

"Your first move, Richard, must be to go to this place of concealment, which you know of, and remain quiet there until Monday. On Monday, at dusk, be here again. Meanwhile, I will see Ball. By the way, though, before speaking to Ball, I must hear from yourself that Thorn and Levison are one."

"I will go down to the Raven at once," eagerly cried Richard. "I'll come back here, to this walk, as soon as I have obtained sight of him." With the last words he turned, and was speeding off, when Barbara caught him.

"You will be so tired, Richard."

"Tired!" echoed Richard Hare. "A hundred miles on foot would not tire me if Thorn was at the end of them, waiting to be identified. I may not be back for two or three hours, but I will come, and wait here till you come out to me."

"You must be hungry and thirsty," returned Barbara, the tears in her eyes. "How I wish we dare have you in, and shelter you. But I can manage to bring some refreshment out here."

"I don't require it, Barbara. I left the train at the station next before West Lynne, and dropped into a roadside public-house as I walked, and got a good supper. Let me go, dear; I am all in a fever."

Richard departed, reached the part of West Lynne where the Raven was situated, and was so far favored by fortune that he had not long to wait. Scarcely had he taken up his lounge outside, when two gentlemen came forth from it, arm-in-arm. Being the head-quarters of one of the candidates, the idlers of the place thought they could not do better than make it their head-quarters also, and the road and pavement were never free from loitering starers and gossipers. Richard Hare, his hat well over his eyes, and his black ringlets made the most of, only added one to the rest.

Two gentlemen came forth arm-in-arm. The loiterers raised a feeble shout of "Levison for ever!" Richard did not join in the shout, but his pulses were beating, and his heart leaped up within him. The one was Thorn; the other the gentleman he had seen with Thorn in London, pointed out to him—as he had believed—as Sir Francis Levison.

"Which of those two is Levison?" he inquired of a man near whom he stood.

"Don't you know? Him with the hat off, bowing his thanks to us, is Levison."

No need to inquire further. It was the Thorn of Richard's memory. His ungloved hand, raised to his hat, was white as ever; more sparkling than ever, as it flashed in the street gas-light, was the diamond ring. By the hand and ring alone, Richard could have sworn to the man, had it been needful.

"Who is the other one?" he continued.

"Some gent as is come down from London with him. His name's Drake. Be you yellow, sailor? or be you scarlet-and-purple?"

"I am neither. I am only a stranger, passing through the town."

"On the tramp?"

"Tramp!—no." And Richard moved away, to make the best of his progress to East Lynne, and report to Mr. Carlyle.

Now it happened, on that windy night, that Lady Isabel, her mind disordered, her brow fevered with its weight of care, stole out into the grounds, after the children had left her for the night; courting the boisterous gusts, courting any discomfort she might meet. As if they could, even for a moment, cool the fire within! To the solitude of this very covered walk bent she her steps; and, not long had she paced it, when she descried some man advancing, in the garb of a sailor. Not caring to be seen, she turned short off amidst the trees, intending to emerge again when he had passed. She wondered who he was, and what brought him there.

But he did not pass. He lingered in the walk, keeping her a prisoner. A minute more, and she saw him joined by Mrs. Carlyle. They met with a loving embrace!

Embrace a strange man? Mrs. Carlyle? All the blood in Lady Isabel's body rushed to her brain. Was she—his second wife—false to him?—more shamelessly false than even herself had been, inasmuch as she had had the grace to quit him and East Lynne before—as the young girls say, when they change their sweethearts—"taking up" with another. The positive conviction that such was the case seized firm hold upon her fancy; her thoughts were in a tumult, her mind was a chaos. Was there any small corner of rejoicing in her heart that it was so? And yet—what was it to her? It could not alter by one iota her own position—it could not restore to her the love she had forfeited.

Coupled lovingly together, they were now sauntering up the walk, the sailor's arm thrown round the waist of Mrs. Carlyle. "Oh! the shameless woman!" Ay, she could be bitter enough upon graceless doings, when enacted by another.

But what was her astonishment when she saw Mr. Carlyle advance, and that his appearance caused not the slightest change in their gracelessness, for the sailor's arm was not withdrawn. Two or three minutes they stood—the three—talking together. In a group. Then good-nights were exchanged, the sailor left them, and Mr. Carlyle, his own arm lovingly pressed where the other's had been, withdrew with his wife. The truth—that it was Barbara's brother—flashed to the mind of Lady Isabel.

"Was I mad?" she cried, with a hollow laugh. "She false to him? No, no; that fate was reserved for me alone."

She followed them to the house; she glanced in at the windows of the drawing-room. Lights and fire were in the room, but the curtains and windows were not closed for the night, for it was through those windows that Mr. Carlyle and his wife had passed in and out, on their visits to the covered walk. There they were, alone in their happiness, and she stopped to glance in upon it. Lord Mount Severn had departed for London, to be down again early in the week. The tea was on the table, but Barbara had not begun to make it. She sat on the sofa, by the fire, her face, with its ever-loving gaze upon it, turned up to her husband's. He stood near, was talking with apparent earnestness, and looking down at Barbara. Another moment, and a smile crossed his lips, the same sweet smile so often bent upon her in the by-gone days. Yes, they were together in their unclouded happiness, and she—she turned away toward her own lonely sitting-room, sick and faint at heart.

Ball & Treadman, as the brass plate on their office-door intimated, were conveyancers and attorneys-at-law. Mr. Treadman, who attended chiefly to the conveyancing, lived at the office, with his family. Mr. Ball, a bachelor, lived away; Lawyer Ball, West Lynne styled him. Not a young bachelor; midway, he may have been, between forty and fifty. A short, stout man, with a keen face and green eyes. He took up any practice that was brought him, dirty odds and ends, that Mr. Carlyle would not have touched with his toe; but, as that gentleman had remarked, he could be honest and true upon occasions, and there was no doubt that he would be so to Richard Hare. To his house, on Monday morning, early, so as to catch him before he went out, proceeded Mr. Carlyle. A high respect for Mr. Carlyle had Lawyer Ball, as he had for his father before him. Many a good turn had the Carlyles done him, if only helping him and his partner to clients, whom they were too fastidious to take up. But the two, Mr. Carlyle and Lawyer Ball, did not rank alike, though their profession was the same; Lawyer Ball knew that they did not, and was content to feel humble. The one was a received gentleman; the other was a country attorney.

Lawyer Ball was at breakfast when Mr. Carlyle was shown in.

"Hallos, Carlyle! You are here betimes."

"Sit still; don't disturb yourself. Don't ring; I have breakfasted."

"The most delicious pate de foie," urged Lawyer Ball, who was a regular gourmand. "I get 'em direct from Strasbourg."

Mr. Carlyle resisted the offered dainty with a smile. "I come on business," said he; "not to feast. Before I enter upon it, you will give me your word, Ball, that my communication shall be held sacred, in the event of your not consenting to pursue it further."

"Certainly I will. What business is it? Some that offends the delicacy of the Carlyle office?" he added with a laugh. "A would-be client whom you turn over to me in your exclusiveness?"

"It is a client for whom I cannot act. But not from the motives you assume. It concerns that affair of Hallijohn's," Mr. Carlyle continued, bending forward, and somewhat dropping his voice. "The murder."

Lawyer Ball, who had just taken in a delicious bonne bouche of the foie gras, bolted it whole in his surprise. "Why, that was enacted ages and ages ago; it is past and done with," he exclaimed.

"Not done with," said Mr. Carlyle. "Circumstances have come to light which tend to indicate that Richard Hare was innocent; that it was another who committed the murder."

"In conjunction with him?" interrupted the attorney.

"No: alone. Richard Hare had nothing whatever to do with it. He was not even present at the time."

"Do you believe that?" asked Lawyer Ball.

"I have believed it for years."

"Then who did do it?"

"Richard accuses one of the name of Thorn. Many years back—ten at least, I had a meeting with Richard Hare, and he disclosed certain facts to me, which, if correct, could not fail to prove that he was not guilty. Since that period, this impression has been gradually confirmed by little and by little, trifle upon trifle; and I would now stake my life upon his innocence. I should long ago have moved in this matter, hit or miss, could I have lighted upon Thorn, but he was not to be found, neither any clue to him, and we now know that this name, Thorn, was an assumed one."

"Is he to be found?"

"He is found. He is at West Lynne. Mark you, I don't accuse him; I do not offer an opinion upon his guilt; I only state my belief in Richard's innocence; it may have been another who did it, neither Richard nor Thorn. It *was* my firm intention to take Richard's cause up, the instant that I saw my way clearly in it; and now that that time has come, I am debarred from doing so."

"What debars you?" asked Lawyer Ball.

"Hence I come to you," continued Mr. Carlyle, disregarding the question. "I come on the part of Richard Hare. I have seen him lately, and conversed with him. I gave him my reasons for not personally acting, advised him to apply to you, and promised to come here and open the matter. Will you see Richard in good faith, and hear his story?—giving the understanding that he shall depart unmolested, as he came, although you do not decide to entertain the business."

"I'll give it with all the pleasure in life," freely returned the attorney. "I'm sure I don't want to harm poor Dick Hare. And if he can convince me of his innocence, I'll do my best to establish it."

"Of his own tale you must be the judge. I do not wish to bias you. I have stated my believe in his innocence, but I repeat that I give no opinion myself, as to who else may be guilty. Hear his account, and then take up the affair or not, as you may think fit. He would not come to you without your previous promise to hold him harmless; to be his friend, in short, for the time being; when I bear this promise to him for you, my part is done."

"I give it to you in all honor, Carlyle. Tell Dick he has nothing to fear from me. Quite the contrary: for if I can befriend him, I shall be glad to do it, and I won't spare trouble. What can possibly be your objection to act for him?"

"My objection applies not to Richard. I would willingly appear for him; but I will not take proceedings against the man he accuses. If that man is to be denounced and brought before justice, I will hold neither act nor part in it."

The words aroused the curiosity of Lawyer Ball, and he began to turn over all persons, likely and unlikely, in his mind; never, according to usage, giving a suspicion to the right one. "I cannot fathom you, Carlyle."

"You will do that better, possibly, when Richard shall have made his disclosure."

"It's—it's—never his own father that he accuses? Justice Hare?"

"Your wits must be wool-gathering, Ball."

"Well, so they must, to give utterance to so preposterous a notion," acquiesced the attorney, pushing back his chair, and throwing his breakfast napkin on the carpet.—"But I don't know a soul you would object to go against except the justice. What's anybody else in West Lynne to you, in comparison to restoring Dick to his fair fame? I give it up."

"So do I for the present," said Mr. Carlyle, as he rose. "And now, about the ways and means for your meeting this poor fellow? Where can you see him?"

"Is he at West Lynne?"

"No. But I can get a message conveyed to him, and he will come."

"When?"

"To-night, if you like."

"Then let him come here to this house. He will be perfectly safe."

"So be it. My part is now over," concluded Mr. Carlyle. And with a few more preliminary words, he departed. Lawyer Ball looked after him.

"It's a queer business. One would think Dick accuses some old flame of Carlyle's; some demoiselle or dame he daren't go against."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

On Monday evening the interview between Lawyer Ball and Richard Hare took place. With some difficulty would the lawyer believe his tale—not as to its broad details: he saw that he might give credit to them; but as to the accusation against Sir Francis Levison. Richard persisted, mentioning every minute particular he could think of: his meeting him the night of the elopement in Bean-lane; his meetings with him again in London, and Sir Francis's evident fear of him, and thence pursuit; and the previous Saturday night's recognition at the door of the Raven, not forgetting to tell of the anonymous letter received by Justice Hare the morning that Richard was in hiding at Mr. Carlyle's. There was no doubt in the world it had been sent by Francis Levison to frighten Mr. Hare into dispatching him out of West Lynne, had Richard taken refuge in his father's house. None had more cause to keep Dick from falling into the hands of justice than Francis Levison.

"I believe what you say—I believe all you say, Mr. Richard, touching Thorn," debated the attorney; "but it's next to impossible to take in so astonishing a fact as that he is Sir Francis Levison."

"You can satisfy yourself on the fact from other lips than mine," said Richard. "Otway Bethel could testify to it if he would, though I doubt his willingness. But there's Ebenezer James."

"What does he know about it?" asked the attorney, in surprise. "Ebenezer James is in our office at present."

"He saw Thorn often enough in those days, and has, I hear, recognized him as Levison. You had better inquire of him. Should you object to take cause against Levison?"

"Not a bit of it. Let me be assured that I am upon safe grounds as to the identity of the man, and I'll proceed in it forthwith. Levison is an out-and-out scoundrel *as* Levison, and deserves hanging. I will send for James at once, and hear what he says," he concluded, after a pause of consideration.

Richard Hare started wildly up. "Not while I am here: he must not see me. For heaven's sake, consider the peril to me, Mr. Ball!"

"Pooh, pooh!" laughed the attorney. "do you suppose I have but this one reception-room? We don't let cats into cages where canary-birds are kept."

Ebenezer James returned with the messenger dispatched after him.

"You'll be sure to find him at the singing saloon," Mr. Ball had said, and there the gentleman was found.

"Is it any copying, sir, wanted to be done in a hurry?" cried James, when he came in.

"No," replied the attorney. "I wish a question or two answered, that's all. Did you ever know Sir Francis Levison to go by any name but his own?"

"Yes, sir. He has gone by the name of Thorn."

A pause. "When was this?"

"It was the autumn when Hallijohn was killed. Thorn used to be prowling about there in an evening—in the wood and at the cottage, I mean."

"What did he prowl for?"

Ebenezer James laughed. "For the same reason that several more did—I, for one. He was sweet upon Afy Hallijohn."

"Where was he living at the time." I never remembered him in West Lynne."

"He was not at West Lynne, sir. On the contrary, he seemed to take precious good care that West Lynne and he kept separate. A splendid horse he rode, thorough-bred; and he used to come galloping into the wood at dusk, get over his chat with Miss Afy, mount, and gallop away again."

"Where to? Where did he come from?"

"From somewhere toward Swainson; a ten miles' ride, Afy used to say he had. Now that he has appeared here in his own plumage, of course I can put two and two together, and not be at much fault for the exact spot."

"And where's that?" asked the lawyer.

"Levison Park," said Mr. Ebenezer. "There's little doubt he was stopping at his uncle's, and you know that is close to Swainson."

Lawyer Ball thought things were becoming clearer—or darker, whichever you may please to call it. He paused again, and then put a question impressively.

"James, have you any doubt whatever, or shadow of doubt, that Sir Francis Levison is the same man you knew as Thorn?"

"Sir, have I any doubt that you are Mr. Ball, or that I am Eb. James?" retorted Mr. Ebenezer. "I am as certain of that man's identity, as I am of yours."

"Are you ready to swear to the fact in a court of justice?"

"Ready and willing, in any court in the world. To-morrow, if I am called upon."

"Very well. You may go back to your singing-club now. Keep a silent tongue in your head."

"All close sir," answered Mr. Ebenezer James.

Far into the middle of the night sat Lawyer Ball and Richard Hare, the former chiefly occupied in taking notes of Richard's statement.

"It's half a crotchet, this objection of Carlyle's to interfere with Levison!" suddenly uttered Richard, in the midst of some desultory conversation. "Don't you think so, Mr. Ball?"

The lawyer pursed up his lips. "Um! a delicate point. Carlyle was always fastidiously honorable. *I* should go at him, thunder and fury, in his place; but I and Carlyle are different."

The following day, Tuesday, Mr. Ball was much occupied, putting, to use nearly Ebenezer James' words, that and that together. Later in the day he took a journey to Levison Park, ferreted out some information, and came home again. On that same day, at evening, Richard departed for Liverpool—he was done with for the present—Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle being, as before, only cognizant of his address.

Wednesday morning witnessed the arrival again of the Earl of Mount Severn, Lord Vane, too. The latter ought to have gone back to Eton, but he had teased and prayed to be allowed to "see the fun out," meaning the election. "And that devil's discomfiture when he finds himself beaten," he surreptitiously added, behind his father's back, who was a great stickler for the boy's always being "gentlemanly." So the earl had yielded. They arrived, as before, about breakfast-time, having traveled at night. Subsequently, they and Mr. Carlyle walked into West Lynne together.

West Lynne was alive and astir. The election was to come off that week, and people made it their business to be in a bustle over it, collectively and individually. Mr. Carlyle's committee sat at the Buck's Head, and the traffic in and out was enough to wear the stones away. The bench of justices were remarkably warm over it, neglecting the judicial business, and showing themselves at the Buck's Head windows in purple and scarlet streamers.

"I will be with you in ten minutes," said Mr. Carlyle, withdrawing his arm from Lord Mount Severn's, as they approached the office, "but I must just go in and read my letters."

So the earl went on to the Buck's Head, and Lord Vane took a foot canter down to the Raven, to reconnoitre it outside. He was uncommonly fond of planting himself where Sir Francis Levison's eyes were sure to fall upon him—which eyes were immediately dropped, while the young gentleman's would be fixed in an audacious stare. Being Lord Vane—or, it may be more correct to say, being the Earl of Mount Severn's son, and under control—he was debarred from dancing and jeering after the yellow candidate, as the unwashed gentry of his own age indulged it, but his tongue and his feet itched to do it.

Mr. Carlyle took his seat in his private room, opened his letters, assorted them, marked on the back of some what was to be the purport of their answers, and then called in Mr. Dill. Mr. Carlyle put the letters in his hand, gave some rapid instructions, and rose.

"You are in a hurry, Mr. Archibald?"

"They want me at the Buck's Head. Why?"

"A curious incident occurred to me last evening, sir. I was an ear-witness to a dispute between Levison and Otway Bethel."

"Indeed!" carelessly replied Mr. Carlyle, who was busy at the time looking for something in the deep drawer of his desk.

"And what I heard would go far to hang Levison, if not Bethel. As sure as we are here, Mr. Archibald, they hold the secret of Hallijohn's murder. It appears that Levison"——

"Stop," interposed Mr. Carlyle. "I would prefer not to hear this. Levison may have murdered him, but it is no affair of mine neither shall I make it such."

Old Dill felt checkmated. "Meanwhile Richard Hare suffers, Mr. Archibald," he observed, in a remonstrating tone.

"I am aware he does."

"Is it right that the innocent should suffer for the guilty?"

"No; very wrong. But the case is all too common."

"If some one would take up Richard Hare's cause now, he might be proved innocent," added the old man, with a wistful look at Mr. Carlyle.

"It is being taken up, Dill."

A pause and a glad look. "That's the best news I have had for many a day, sir. But my evidence will be necessary to your case. Levison"——

"I'm not taking up the case. You must carry your news elsewhere. It is no affair of mine, I say."

"Then who is taking it up?" echoed Mr. Dill, in astonishment.

"Ball. He has had a meeting with Richard, and is now acting for him, under the rose."

Mr. Dill's eyes sparkled. "Is he going to prosecute, Mr. Archibald?"

"I tell you I know nothing—I will know nothing. When the affair comes out to the public—if it ever does come out—I shall share in their information, Dill, and that is all."

"Ah, well, I can understand. But I shall go on to the office at once, Mr. Archibald, and inform them of what I overheard," spoke old Dill, in vehement decision.

"That is not my affair, either," laughed Mr. Carlyle; "it is yours. But remember, if you do go, it is Ball, not Treadman."

Waiting only to give certain orders to the head clerk, Mr. Dill proceeded to the office of Ball & Treadman. A full hour was he closeted there with the senior partner.

Not until three o'clock that afternoon did the justices take their seats on the bench. Scarcely were they seated when Lawyer Ball bustled in and craved a secret hearing. His application was of the last importance, he premised, but, that the ends of justice might not be defeated, it was necessary their worships should entertain it in private; he therefore craved the bench to accord it to him.

The bench consulted, looked wise, and, possibly possessing some latent curiosity themselves upon the point, graciously acceded. They adjourned to a private room, and it was full half-past four before they came out of it. Very long faces, scared and grim, were their worships, as if Lawyer Ball's communication had both perplexed and confounded them.

"This is the afternoon we are to meet Dr. Martin at papa's office," William Carlyle had suddenly exclaimed that day at dinner. "Do we walk in, Madame Vine."

"I do not know, William. Mrs. Carlyle is going to take you."

"No, she is not; you are to take me."

A flush passed over Lady Isabel's face at the bare thought, though she did not believe it. *She* go to Mr. Carlyle's office! "Mrs. Carlyle told me herself that she should take you," was the reply.

"All I know is, mamma said this morning you would take me to West Lynne to-day," persisted William.

The discussion was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Carlyle—interrupted and decided also.

"Madame Vine," she said, "you will

be ready at three o'clock to go in with William."

Lady Isabel's heart beat. "I understood you to say that you should go with him yourself, madame."

"I know I did. I intended to do so; but I heard this morning that some friends from a distance are coming this afternoon to call upon me, therefore I shall not go out."

How she, Lady Isabel, wished that she dare say, also, "I shall not go out either." But that might not be. Well, she must go through with it, as she had gone through with the rest.

William rode his pony into West Lynne, the groom attending to take it back again. He was to walk home with Madame Vine, who walked both ways.

Mr. Carlyle was not in when they arrived at the office. The boy went boldly on to the private room, leaving Madame Vine to follow him.

Presently Mr. Carlyle appeared. He was talking to Mr. Dill, who followed him.

"Oh, you are here, Madame Vine? I left word that you were to go into Miss Carlyle's. Did I not leave word, Dill?"

"Not with me, sir."

"I forgot it then; I meant to do so. What is the time?" He looked at his watch; ten minutes to four. "Did the doctor say at what hour he should call?" Mr. Carlyle added to Madame Vine.

"Not precisely. I gathered that it would not be very early in the afternoon."

"Here he is!" exclaimed Mr. Carlyle with alacrity, as he went into the hall. She supposed he alluded to the physician; supposed he had seen him pass the window. Their entrance together woke up William.

"Well," said the doctor, who was a little man with a bald head, "and how fares it with my young patient? *Bon jour*, madame."

"*Bon jour*, monsieur," responded she. She wished everybody would address her in French, and take her for French; there seemed less chance of recognition. She would have to speak in good plain English, however, if she must carry on conversation with the doctor. Beyond a familiar phrase or two, he was something like Justice Hare "—*Non parley Frongsay*, me!"

"And how does the cod-liver oil get on?" asked the doctor of William, as he drew him to the light. "It is nicer now than it used to be, eh?"

"No," said William; "it's nastier than ever."

Dr. Martin looked at the boy; felt his pulse, listened to his breathing. "There," said he, presently, "you may sit down again and have your nap out."

"I wish I might have something to drink; I am very thirsty. May I ring for some water, papa?"

"Go and find your aunt's maid, and ask her for some," said Mr. Carlyle.

"Ask her for milk," called out Dr. Martin. "Not water."

Away went William. Mr. Carlyle was leaning against the side of the window; Dr. Martin folded his arms before it; Lady Isabel was standing near the latter. The broad, full light was cast upon all, but the thick veil hid Lady Isabel's face. It was not often she could be caught without that veil, for she seemed to wear her bonnet at all sorts of seasonable and unseasonable times.

"What is your opinion, doctor?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

"Well," began the doctor, in a very professional tone, "the boy is certainly delicate. But"——

"Stay, Dr. Martin," was the interruption, spoken in a low, impressive tone, "you will deal candidly with me. I must know the truth, without disguise. Tell it me freely."

"Dr. Martin paused. "The truth is not always palatable," Mr. Carlyle.

"True. But for that very reason, all the more necessary. Let me hear the worst. And the child has no mother, you know, to be shocked with it."

"I fear that it will be the worst."

"Death?"

"Ay. The seeds of consumption must have been inherited in him. They are showing out too palpably."

"Is there no hope for the child?"

Dr. Martin looked at him. "You bade me give you the truth."

"Nothing else; nothing but the truth," returned Mr. Carlyle, his tone one of mingled pain and command.

"Then, there is none; no hope whatever. The lungs are extensively diseased."

"And how long"——

"That I cannot say," interrupted the doctor, divining what the next question was to be. "He may linger on for months; for a year, it may even be; or a very short period may see the termination. Don't worry him with any more lessons and stuff of learning; he'll never want it."

The doctor cast his eyes upon the governess as he spoke; the injunction concerning her as much as it did Mr. Carlyle. And the doctor started, for he thought she was fainting; her face had become so ghastly white; he could see it through her veil.

"You are ill, madame! you are ill? *Trouve malade*, don't you?"

She opened her lips to speak; her trembling lips, that would not obey her. Dr. Martin, in his concern, pulled off the blue spectacles. She caught them from him with one hand, sat down on the nearest chair, and hid her face with the other.

Mr. Carlyle, scarcely understanding the scuffle, came forward. "Are you ill, Madame Vine?"

She was putting on her spectacles under her veil, her face whiter than ever. "Pray do not interrupt your conversation to pay attention to me! I thank you; I thank you both. I am subject to—slight spasms, and they do make me look ill for the moment. It has passed now."

The doctor turned from her; Mr. Carlyle resumed his place by the window. "What should be the treatment?" asked the latter.

"Almost anything you please—that the boy himself likes. Let him play, or rest; ride, or walk, eat and drink, or let it alone; it cannot make much difference."

"Doctor! You yield it, as a last hope, very lightly."

Dr. Martin shook his head. "I speak as I *know*. You insisted on having my true opinion."

"A warmer climate?" suggested Mr. Carlyle, eagerly, the idea crossing his mind.

"It might prolong the end for a little while; a few weeks, perhaps; avert it, it could not. And who could take him? You could not go; and he has no mother. No; I should not advise it."

"I wish you would see Wainwright—with reference to William."

"I have seen him. I met him this afternoon, by chance, and told him my opinion. How is Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Pretty well. She is not in robust health, you are aware, just now."

Dr. Martin smiled. "These things will happen. Mrs. Carlyle has a thoroughly good constitution; a far stronger one than—than"—

"Than what?" said Mr. Carlyle, wondering why he hesitated.

"You must grant me pardon. I may as well finish, now I have begun; but I was not thinking when I spoke. She is stronger than was Lady Isabel. I must be off to catch the six train."

"You will come over from time to time to East Lynne to see William?"

"If you wish it. It may be a satisfaction, perhaps. *Bon jour*, madame."

Lady Isabel bowed to him as he left the room with Mr. Carlyle. "How fond that French governess of yours is of the boy!" the doctor whispered, as they crossed the hall. "I detected it when she brought him to Lymeborough. And you saw her just now! that emotion was all because he could not live. Good bye."

Mr. Carlyle grasped his hand. "Doctor, I *wish* you could save him!" he passionately uttered.

"Ah, Carlyle! if we humble mites of human doctors could but keep those whom it is the Great Physician's pleasure to take, how we should be run after! There's hidden mercy, remember, in the darkest cloud. Farewell, my friend."

Mr. Carlyle returned to the room. He approached Lady Isabel, looking down upon her as she sat; not that he could see much of her face. "These are grievous tidings. But you were more prepared for them, I fancy, than I was."

She started suddenly up, approached the window, and looked out, as if she saw somebody passing whom she would gaze at. All of emotion was stirred up within her; her temples throbbed, her throat beat, her breath became hysterical. Could she bear thus to hold confidential converse with him, over the state of their child? She pulled off her gloves for coolness to her burning hands, she wiped the moisture from her pale forehead, she struggled manfully for calmness. What excuse could she offer to Mr. Carlyle?

"I had begun to like the boy so very much, sir," she said, half turning round. "And the doctor's fiat, too plainly pronounced, has given me pain; pain to agitation."

Again Mr. Carlyle approached her, following close up to where she stood. "You are very kind, thus to feel an interest in my child."

She did not answer.

"Here, papa, papa! I want you," cried William, breaking into the room. "Let me walk home with you. Are you going to walk?"

How could he find it in his heart to deny anything to the child then?

"Very well," he said. "Stay here till I come for you."

"We are going home with papa," proclaimed William to Madame Vine.

Madame Vine did not relish the news. But there was no help for it. In a very short time Mr. Carlyle appeared, and they set off; he holding William's hand; madame walking on the other side of the child.

"Where's William Vane, papa?" asked the boy.

"He has gone on with Lord Mount Severn."

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when some one came bolting out of the post-office, and met them face to face; almost ran against them, in fact, creating some hindrance. The man looked confused, and slunk off into the gutter. And you will not wonder that he did, when you hear that it was Francis Levison. William, child-like, turned his head to gaze at the intruder.

"I would not be an ugly, bad man, like him, for the world," quoth he, as he turned his back again. "Would you, papa?"

Mr. Carlyle did not answer and Isabel cast an involuntary glance upon him from her white face. His was impassive; save that a curl of ineffable scorn marked the delicate beauty of his lips. If humiliation for the past had never wrung Lady Isabel's heart before, it would have wrung it then.

At Mr. Justice Hare's gate they encountered that gentleman, who appeared to be standing there to give himself an airing. William caught sight of Mrs. Hare seated on the garden bench, outside the window, and ran to kiss her. All children loved Mrs. Hare. The justice was looking—not pale; that would not be a term half strong enough; but yellow. The curls of his best wig were limp, and all his pomposity appeared to have gone out of him.

"I say, Carlyle, what on earth's this?" cried he, in a tone that, for him, was wonderfully subdued and meek. "I was not on the bench this afternoon, but Pinner has been telling me of—of—an application that was made to them in private. It's not true, you know; it can't be; it's too far-fetched a tale. What do you know about it?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Carlyle. "I do not know what you are talking of. I have been privy to no application."

"It seems they want to make out now that Dick never murdered Hallijohn," proceeded the justice, in a half whisper, glancing round to be sure that there were no eavesdroppers amidst the trees.

"Oh," said Mr. Carlyle.

"But that Levison did. *Levison!*"

Mr. Carlyle made no reply, save by a gesture; his face more impassive than before. Not so another face beside him, a fair face; that had turned white again with emotion as she listened.

"But it can't be, you know. It can't, I say."

"So far as Richard's innocence goes, of that I have long been convinced," spoke Mr. Carlyle.

"And that Levison's guilty?" returned the justice, opening his eyes in puzzled wonderment.

"I give no opinion upon that point," was the cold rejoinder.

"It's impossible, I say. Dick can't be innocent. You may as well tell me that the world's turned upside down."

"It is sometimes, I think. That Richard was not the guilty man will be proved yet, justice, in the broad face of day."

"If—if—that other did it, I should think you'd take the warrant out of the hands of the police, and capture him yourself."

"I would not touch him with a pair of tongs," spoke Mr. Carlyle, his lip curling again. "If the man goes to his punishment, he goes; but I do not help him on his road thither."

"*Can* Dick be innocent?" mused the justice, returning to the thought which so troubled his mind. "Then why has he kept away? Why does he not come back and say so?"

"That you might deliver him up, justice. You know you took an oath to do it."

The justice looked green, and remarkably humble.

"Oh, but, Carlyle," impulsively spoke he, the thought occurring to him, "what an awful revenge this would have been for you on—somebody—had she lived. How her false step would have come home to her now!"

"False steps come home to most people," responded Mr. Carlyle, as he took William by the hand, who then ran up. And, lifting his hat to Mrs. Hare in the distance, he walked one.

She, Lady Isabel, walked on, too, by the side of the child, as before, walked on with a shivering frame, and a heart sick unto death. The justice looked after them, his mind unoccupied. He was in a maze of bewilderment. Richard innocent! Richard, whom *he* had striven to pursue to a shameful end! And that other the guilty one! The world was turning up side down.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS CARLYLE IN FULL DRESS, AFY ALSO.

Merrily rose West Lynne on the Thursday morning: merrily rang out the bells, clashing and chiming. The street was alive with people; the windows were crowded with heads; something unusual was astir. It was the day of nomination of the two candidates, and everybody took the opportunity to make a holiday.

Ten o'clock was the time named; but, before the hour struck, West Lynne was crammed. The county people had come in, thick and three-fold; rich and poor; people of note, and people of none; voters and non-voters; all eager to mix themselves up with the day's proceedings. You see the notorious fact of Sir Francis Levison's having come forward to oppose Mr. Carlyle, caused greater interest to attach to this election than is usual, even in small country places—and that need not be. Barbara drove in in her carriage; the two children with her, and the governess. The governess said she preferred to remain at home. Barbara would not hear of it; almost felt inclined to resent it as a slight; besides, if she took no interest in Mr. Carlyle, she must go to take care of Lucy; she, Barbara, would be too much occupied to look after children. So Madame Vine, perforce, stepped into the barouche and sat opposite to Mrs. Carlyle, her thick veil shading her features, and their pallor contrasting with the blue spectacles.

They alighted at the residence of Miss Carlyle. Quite a gathering was already there. Lady and Miss Dobede, the Herberts, Mrs. Hare, and many others; for the house was in a good spot for seeing the fun; and all the people were eager to testify their respect to Mr. Carlyle in contradistinction to that other one. Miss Carlyle was in full figg; a brocaded dress, and a scarlet-and-purple bow in front of it, the size of a pumpkin. It was about the only occasion, in all Miss Carlyle's life, that she deemed it necessary to attire herself beyond common. Barbara wore no bow, but she exhibited a splendid bouquet of scarlet-and-purple flowers. Mr. Carlyle had himself given it to her that morning.

Mr. Carlyle saw them all at the windows of the large upper drawing-room, and came in; he was then on his way to the town-hall. Shaking hands, laughter, hearty and hasty good wishes: and he quitted the room again. Barbara stole after him for a sweeter farewell.

"God bless you and prosper you, Archibald, my dearest!"

The business of the day began. Mr. Carlyle was proposed by Sir John Dobede, and seconded by Mr. Herbert. Lord Mount Severn, than whom not a busier man was there, would willingly have been proposer and seconder too, but he had no local influence in the place. Sir Francis Levison was proposed also by two gentlemen of standing. The show of hands was declared to be in favor of Mr. Carlyle. It just was, in favor of him; about twenty to one.—Upon which the baronet's friends demanded a poll.

Then all was bustle, and scuffle and confusion. Every one tearing away to the hustings, which had been fixed in a convenient spot, the town-hall not affording the accommodation necessary for a poll. Candidates and proposers and seconders, and gentlemen, and officers, and mob, hustling and jostling each other. Mr. Carlyle was linked arm-in-arm with Sir John Dobede; Sir John's arm was within Lord Mount Severn's—but, as to order, it was impossible to observe any. To gain the place, they had to pass the house of Miss Carlyle.—Young Vane, who was in the thick of the crowd—of course—cast his eyes up to its lined windows, took off his hat and waved it. "Carlyle and honor forever!" shouted he.

The ladies laughed and nodded, and shook their handkerchiefs, and displayed their scarlet-and-purple colors. The crowd took up the shout, till the very air echoed with it. "Carlyle and honor forever!" Barbara's tears were falling; but she smiled through them at one pair of loving eyes, which sought out hers.

"A galaxy of beauty!" whispered Mr. Drake in the ear of Sir Francis. "How the women rally around him! I tell you what, Levison, you and the government were stupid to go on with the contest, and I said so days ago. You have no more chance against Carlyle, than that bit of straw has against the wind. You ought to have withdrawn in time."

"Like a coward?" angrily returned Sir Francis. "No. I'll go on with it to the last, though I do get beaten."

"How lovely his wife is!" resumed Mr. Drake, his admiring eyes cast up at Barbara. "I say, Levison, was the first one as charming?"

Sir Francis looked perfectly savage; the allusion did not please him. But ere another word could be spoken, some one in the garb of a policeman, who had wound his way through the crowd, laid his hand upon the baronet.

"Sir Francis Levison, you are my prisoner."

Nothing worse than *debt* occurred at that moment to the mind of Sir Francis. But that was quite enough, and he turned purple with rage.

"Your hands off, vermin! How dare you?"

A quick movement, a slight click, a bustle from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter amazement alone prevented Mr. Drake from knocking down the policeman. A dozen vituperating tongues assailed him.

"I'm sorry to do it in this public place and manner," spoke the officer, partly to Sir Francis, partly to the gentlemen around; "but I couldn't come across you last night, do as I would. And the warrant has been in my hand since five o'clock yesterday afternoon. Sir Francis Levison, I arrest you for the willful murder of George Hallijohn."

The crowd fell back; the crowd was paralyzed with consternation; the word was passed from one extreme to the other, and back, and across again, and the excitement grew high. The ladies looking from Miss Carlyle's windows saw what had happened, though they could not divine the cause. Some of them turned pale at sight of the handcuffs, and Mary Pinner, an excitable girl, fell into a screaming fit.

Pale? What was their gentle paleness compared with the frightfully livid one of Francis Levison? His agitation was pitiable to witness, his face a terror to look upon; once or twice he gasped, as if in an agony; and then his eyes happened to fall on Otway Bethel, who stood near. Shorn of his adornments—which might not be thought adornments upon paper—the following was the sentence that burst involuntarily from his lips:

"You hound! It is you who have done this!"

"No! by"—— Whether Mr. Otway Bethel was about to swear by Jupiter, or Juno, never was decided, the sentence being cut ignominiously short at the above two words. Another policeman, in the summary manner exercised toward Sir Francis, had clapped a pair of handcuffs upon him.

"Mr. Otway Bethel, I arrest you as an accomplice in the murder of George Hallijohn."

You may be sure, that the whole assembly was arrested—figuratively; and stood with eager gaze and open ears. Colonel Bethel, quitting the scarlet-and-purple, flashed into those of the yellows. He knew his nephew was graceless enough; but—to see him with a pair of handcuffs on!

"What does all this mean?" he authoritatively demanded of the officers.

"It's no fault of ours, colonel; we have but executed the warrant," answered one of them. "The magistrate issued it yesterday against these two gentlemen on suspicion of their being concerned in the murder of Hallijohn."

"In conjunction with Richard Hare?" cried the astounded colonel, gazing from one to the other, prisoners and officers, in scared bewilderment.

"It's alleged now that Richard Hare didn't have nothing to do with it," returned the man. "It's said he is innocent. I'm sure *I* don't know."

"I swear that *I* am innocent," passionately uttered Otway Bethel.

"Well, sir, you have only got to prove it," civilly rejoined the policeman.

Miss Carlyle and Lady Dobede leaned from the window, their curiosity too much excited to remain silent longer. Mrs. Hare was standing by their side.

"What is the matter?" both asked of the upturned faces immediately beneath.

"Them two—the fine member as wanted to be, and young Bethel—be arrested for murder," spoke a man's clear voice in answer. "The tale runs as they murdered Hallijohn, and then laid it on to the shoulders of young Dick Hare, who didn't do it, after all."

A faint wailing cry of startled pain, and Barbara flew to Mrs. Hare, from whom it proceeded.

"Oh, mamma, my dear mamma, take comfort! Do not suffer this to agitate you to illness. Richard is innocent, and it will surely be so proved. Archibald," she added, beckoning to her husband in her alarm, "come, if you can, and say a word of assurance to mamma."

It was impossible that Mr. Carlyle could hear the words, but he could see that his wife was greatly agitated, and wanted him.

"I will be back with you in a few moments," he said to his friends, as he began to elbow his way through the crowd, which made way when they saw who the elbower was.

Into another room, away from the gay visitors, they got Mrs. Hare, and Mr. Carlyle locked the door to keep them out, unconsciously taking out the key. Only himself and wife were with her, except Madame Vine in her bonnet, who had been dispatched by somebody with a bottle of smelling-salts. Barbara knelt at her mamma's feet; Mr. Carlyle leaned over her, her hands sympathizingly held in his. Madame Vine would have escaped, but the key was gone.

"Oh, Archibald, tell me the truth. *You* will not deceive me," she gasped, in earnest entreaty, the cold dew gathering on her pale, gentle face. "Is the time come to prove my boy's innocence?"

"It is."

"Is it possible that it can be that false, bad man who is guilty?"

"From my soul I believe him to be," replied Mr. Carlyle, glancing round to make sure that none could hear the assertion save those present. "But what I say to you and Barbara I would not say to the world.—Whatever be the man's guilt, I am not his Nemesis. Dear Mrs. Hare, take courage, take comfort—happier days are coming round."

Mrs. Hare was weeping silently. Barbara rose and laid her mamma's head lovingly upon her bosom.

"Take care of her, my darling," Mr. Carlyle whispered to his wife. "Don't leave her for a moment, and don't let that chattering crew in from the next room. I beg your pardon, madame."

His hand had touched Madame Vine's neck in turning round—that is, had touched the jacket that encased it. He unlocked the door and regained the street, while Madame Vine sat down with her beating and rebellious heart.

Amidst the shouts, the jeers, and the escort of the mob, Sir Francis Levison and Otway Bethel were lodged in the station house, preparatory to their examination before the magistrates. Never, sure, was so mortifying an interruption known. So thought Sir Francis's party. And they deemed it well, after some consideration amongst themselves, to withdraw his name as a candidate for the membership. That he never had a shadow of chance from the first, most of them knew.

But there's an incident yet to tell of the election-day. You have seen Miss Carlyle in her glory, her brocaded silk, standing on end with richness, her displayed colors, her pride in her noble brother. But now could you—or she, which is more to the purpose—have divined who and what was just above her head at an upper window, I know not what the consequences would have been.

No less an eyesore to Miss Carlyle than that "brazen hussy," Afy Hallijohn! Smuggled in by Miss Carlyle's servants, there she was, in full dress, too. A green-and-white checked sarcenet, flounced up to the waist, over a crinoline extending from here to yonder; a fancy bonnet, worn on the plait of hair behind, with a wreath and a veil; delicate white gloves, and a swinging handkerchief of lace, redolent of musk. It was well for Miss Corny's peace of mind ever after, that she remained in ignorance of that during act. There stood Afy, bold as a sunflower, exhibiting herself and her splendor to the admiring eyes of the mob below, gentle and simple.

"He is a handsome man after all," quoth she to Miss Carlyle's maids, when Sir Francis Levison arrived opposite the house.

"But such a horrid creature!" was the response. "And to think that he should come here to oppose Mr. Archibald!"

"What's that?" cried Afy. "What are they stopping for? There are two policemen there! Oh!" shrieked Afy, "if they haven't put hand-cuffs on him! Whatever has he done? What can he have been up to?"

"Where? Who? What?" cried the servants, bewildered with the crowd. "Put hand-cuffs on which?"

"Sir Francis Levison. Hush! What is it they say?"

Listening, looking, turning from white to red, from red to white, Afy stood. But she could make nothing of it—she could not divine the cause of the commotion. The man's answer to Miss Carlyle and Lady Dobede, clear though it was, did not quite reach her ears.

"What did he say?" she cried.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the maids, whose hearing had been quicker than Afy's. "He says they are arrested for the willful murder of Hal——of your father, Miss Afy, Sir Francis Levison and Otway Bethel."

"*What!*" shrieked Afy, her eyes starting.

"Levison was the man who did it, he says," continued the servant, bending her ear to listen. "And young Richard Hare, he says, has been innocent all along."

Afy slowly gathered in the sense of the words. She gasped twice, as if her breath had gone, and then, with a stagger and a shiver, fell heavily to the ground.

Afy Hallijohn, recovered from her fainting fit, had to be smuggled out of Miss Carlyle's, as she been smuggled in. She was of an elastic nature, and the shock, or the surprise, or the heat, whatever it may have been, being over, Afy was herself again.

Not very far removed from the residence of Mrs. Carlyle, was a shop in the cheese and ham and butter and bacon line. A very respectable shop, too, and kept by a very respectable man. A young man of a mild countenance, who had purchased the good-will of the business, through an advertisement, and came down from London to take possession. His predecessor had amassed enough to retire, and people foretold that Mr. Jiffin would do the same. To say that Miss Carlyle dealt at the shop, will be sufficient to proclaim the good quality of the articles kept in it.

When Afy arrived opposite the shop, Mr. Jiffin was sunning himself at the door; his shopman, inside, being at some urgent employment over a butter-cask. Afy stopped. Mr. Jiffin admired her uncommonly, and she, always ready for anything in that way, had already enjoyed several passing flirtations with him.

"Good day, Miss Hallijohn," cried he, warmly, tucking up his white apron and pushing it back of his waist, in the best manner he could, as he held out his hand to her. For Afy had once hinted in tones of disparagement at that very apron.

"Oh—how are you Jiffin?" cried Afy, loftily, pretending not to have seen him standing there. And she condescended to put the tips of her white gloves into the offered hand, as she coquetted with her handkerchief, her veil, and her ringlets. "I thought you would have shut up your shop to-day, Mr. Jiffin, and taken a holiday."

"Business must be attended to," responded Mr. Jiffin, quite lost in the contemplation of Afy's numerous attractions, unusually conspicuous as they were. "Had I known that you were abroad, Miss Hallijohn, and enjoying a holiday, perhaps I might have done it, too, in the hope of coming across you somewhere or other."

His words were bona fide as his admiration; Afy saw that, so she could afford to treat him rather *de haut en bas*. "And he's as simple as a calf," thought she.

"The greatest pleasure I have in life, Miss Hallijohn, is to see you go by the shop window," continued Mr. Jiffin. "I'm sure it's like as if the sun itself passed."

"Dear me!" bridled Afy, with a simper, "I don't know any good *that* can do you. You might have seen me go by an hour or two ago—if you had possessed eyes. I was on my way to Miss Carlyle's," she continued, with the air of one who proclaims the fact of a morning call upon a duchess.

"Where *could* my eyes have been?" ejaculated Mr. Jiffin, in an agony of regret. "In some of those precious butter-tubs, I shouldn't wonder! We have had a bad lot in, Miss Hallijohn, and I am going to return them."

"Oh," said Afy, conspicuously resenting the remark, "I don't know anything about that sort of thing. Butter-tubs are beneath me."

"Of course, of course, Miss Hallijohn," deprecated poor Jiffin. "They are very profitable, though, to those who understand the trade."

"What is all that shouting?" cried Afy, alluding to a tremendous noise in the distance, which had continued for some little time.

"It's the voters cheering Mr. Carlyle. I suppose you know that he's elected, Miss Hallijohn?"

"No, I don't."

"The other was withdrawn by his friends, so they made short work of it, and Mr. Carlyle is our member. God bless him! there's not many like *him*. But, I say, Miss Hallijohn, whatever is it that that other one has done? Murder, they say. I can't make top nor tail of it. Of course we know he was bad enough before."

"Don't ask me," said Afy. "Murder's not a pleasant subject for a lady to discuss. Are all these customers? Dear me, you'll have enought to do to attend to them; your man can't do it all; so I won't stay talking any longer."

With a gracious flourish of her flounces, and wave of the handkerchief, Afy sailed off. And Mr. Jiffin, when he could withdraw his fascinated eyes from following her, turned into his shop, to assist in serving four or five servant girls who had entered it.

"It wouldn't be such a bad catch, after all," soliloquized Afy, as she and her crinoline swayed along. "Of course I'd never put my nose inside the shop—unless it was to order things like another customer. The worst is the name. Jiffin. Joe Jiffin. How could I ever bear to be called Miss Joe Jiffin! Not but——Goodness me! what do you want?"

The interruption to Afy's chickens was caused by Mr. Ebenezer James. That gentleman, who had been walking with quick steps to overtake her, gave her flounces a twitch behind, to let her know somebody had come up.

"How are you, Afy? I was going after you to Mrs. Latimer's, not knowing but what you had returned home. I saw you this morning at Miss Corny's windows."

"Now, I don't want any of your sauce, Ebenezer James. Afy-ing me! The other day when you were on with your nonsense, I said you should keep your distance. You took and told Mr. Jiffin that I was an old sweetheart of yours. I heard of it."

"So you were," laughed Mr. Ebenezer.

"I never was," flashed Afy. "I was the company of your betters those days; and if there had been no betters in the case, I should have scorned you. Why! you have been a strolling player!"

"And what have you been?" returned Mr. Ebenezer, a quiet tone of meaning running through his good-humored laughter.

Afy's cheeks flushed scarlet, and she raised her hand with a quick, menacing gesture. But that they were in the public street, Mr. Ebenezer might have found his ears boxed. Afy dropped her hand again, and made a dead stand-still.

"If you think any vile, false insinuations that you may concoct will injure me, you are mistaken, Ebenezer James. I am too much respected in the place. So don't try it on."

"Why, Afy, what has put you out? I don't want to injure you. Couldn't do it if I tried, as you say," he added, with another quiet laugh. "I have been in too many scrapes myself, to let my tongue bring other folks into one."

"There, that's enough. Just take yourself off. It's not over reputable to have you at one's side in public."

"Well, I will relieve you of my company, if you'll let me deliver my commission. Though, as to 'reputable'—however, I won't put you out further. You are wanted at the justice-room at three o'clock this afternoon. And don't fail, please."

"Wanted at the justice-room!" retorted Afy. "I! What for?"

"And must not fail, as I say," repeated Mr. Ebenezer. "You saw Levison taken up; your old flame"——

Afy stamped her foot in indignant interruption. "Take care what you say, Ebenezer James! Flame! He? I'll have you up for defamation of character."

"Don't be a goose, Afy. It's of no use riding the high horse with me. You know where I saw you; and saw him. People here said you were with Dick Hare: I could have told them better; but I did not. It was no affair of mine, that I should proclaim it, neither is it now. Levison, *alias* Thorn, is taken up for your father's murder, and you are wanted to give evidence. There! that's your subpœna; Ball thought you would not come without one."

"I will never give evidence against Levison," she uttered, tearing the subpœna to pieces, and scattering them in the street. "I swear I won't. There, for you! Will I help to hang an innocent man, when it was Dick Hare who was the guilty one? No! I'll walk myself off a hundred miles away first, and stop in hiding till it's over. I shant forget this turn that you have chosen to play me, Ebenezer James."

"*I* chosen! Why, do you suppose I have anything to do with it? Don't take up that notion, Afy. Mr. Ball put that subpœna in my hand, and told me to serve it. He might have given it to the other clerk, just as he gave it to me; it was all chance. If I could do you a good turn I'd do it—not a bad one."

Afy strode on at railway speed, waving him off. "Mind you don't fail, Afy," he said, as he prepared to return.

"Fail," answered she, with flashing eyes, "I shall fail giving evidence, if you mean that. They don't get me to their justice-room, neither by force or stratagem."

Ebenezer James stood and looked after her, as she tore along. "What a spirit that Afy has got, when it's put up!" quoth he. "She'll be doing as she said—make off—unless she's stopped. She's a great simpleton! nothing particular need come out about her and Thorn, unless she lets it out herself in her tantrums. Here comes Ball, I declare! I must tell him."

On went Afy, and gained Mrs. Latimer's. That lady, suffering from indisposition, was confined to the house. Afy, divesting herself of certain little odds and ends of her finery, made her way into Mrs. Latimer's presence.

"Oh, ma'am, such heartrending news as I have had!" began she. "A relation of mine dying, and wants to see me. I ought to be away by the next train."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Latimer, after a pause of dismay. "But how can I do without you, Afy?"

"It's a dying request, ma'am," pleaded Afy, covering her eyes with her handkerchief—not the lace one—as if in the depth of woe. "Of course I wouldn't ask you under any other circumstances, suffering as you are!"

"Where is it to?" asked Mrs. Latimer. "How long shall you be away?"

Afy mentioned the first town that came uppermost, and "hoped" she might be back to-morrow.

"What relation is it?" continued Mrs. Latimer. "I thought you had no relatives, except Joyce and your aunt, Mrs. Kane."

"This is another aunt," cried Afy, softly. "I have never mentioned her, not being friends. Differences divided us. Of course that makes me all the more anxious to obey her request."

An uncommon good hand at an impromptu tale was Afy. And Mrs. Latimer consented to her demand. Afy flew upstairs, attired herself once more, put one or two things in a small leather bag, placed some money in her purse, and left the house.

Sauntering idly on the pavement on the sunny side of the street, was a policeman. He crossed over to Afy, with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

"Good day, Miss Hallijohn. A fine day, is it not?"

"Fine enough," returned Afy, provoked at being hindered. "I can't talk to you now, for I am in a hurry."

The faster she walked, the faster he walked, keeping at her side. Afy's pace increased to a run. His increased to a run too.

"Whatever are you in such a haste over!" asked he.

"Well, it's nothing to you. And I am sure I don't want you to dance attendance upon me just now. There's a time for all things. I'll have some chatter with you another day."

"One would think you were hurrying to catch a train."

"So I am—if you must have your curiosity satisfied. I am going out on a little pleasure excursion, Mr. Inquisitive."

"For long?"

"U—m. Home to-morrow, perhaps. Is it true that Mr. Carlyle's elected?"

"Oh, yes. Don't go up that way, please."

"Not up this way?" repeated Afy. "It's the nearest road to the station. It cuts off all that corner."

The officer laid his hand upon her, gently. Afy thought he was venturing upon it in sport—as if he deemed her too charming to be parted with.

"What do you mean by your nonsense? I tell you I have not time for it now. Take your hand off me," she added, angrily—*for* the hand was clasping her closer.

"I am sorry to hurt a lady's feelings, especially yours, miss; but I daren't take it off, and I daren't part with you. My instructions are to take you on at once to the witness-room. Your evidence is wanted this afternoon."

If you ever saw a ghost more livid than ghosts in ordinary, you may picture to your mind the appearance of Afy Hallijohn just then. She did not faint, as she had done once before that day, but she looked as if she should die. One sharp cry, instantly suppressed, for Afy did retain some presence of mind, and remembered that she was in the public road—one sharp tussle for liberty, over as soon, and she resigned herself, perforce, to her fate.

"I have no evidence to give," she said, in a calmer tone. "I know nothing of the facts."

"I'm sure *I* don't know anything of them," returned the man. "I don't know why you are wanted. When instructions are given us, miss, we can't ask what they mean. I was bid to watch that you didn't go off out of the town, and to bring you on to the witness-room if you attempted it, and I have tried to do it as politely as possible."

"You don't imagine I am going to walk through West Lynne with your hand upon me?"

"I'll take it off, Miss Hallijohn, if you'll give me a promise not to bolt. You see, 'twould come to nothing it you did, for I should be up with you in a couple of yards;

besides, it would be drawing folks' attention on you. You couldn't hope to outrun me, or to be a match for me in strength."

"I will go quietly," said Afy. "Take it off."

She kept her word. Afy was no simpleton, and knew that she was no match for him. She had fallen into the hands of the Philistines, was powerless, and must make the best of it. So they walked through the street as if they were taking a quiet stroll, he gallantly bearing the leather bag. Miss Carlyle's shocked eyes happened to fall upon them as they passed her window. She wondered where could be the eyes of the man's inspector.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

Thinking of the sunny days, when lavender was blowing
In bloomy fragrance 'neath the wall, and o'er the rectory lawn
The standard roses, steep'd in dew, their dying flowers were strewing
Their latest summer flowers, that ne'er should see another dawn.

Thinking of the hazel lanes, o'ersarch'd with sloe and briar;
The rippling laughter of sweet maids, the deeper tones of men;
When but to breathe, to live, and love, was all our youth's desire,
And all the world seem'd bounded by that lonely, lovely glen.

When our sun had known no shadow, our young lives had known no sorrow,
And we pair'd in loving couples, strolling 'neath the natty boughs,
And thought that present rapture from the future we would borrow,
And ne'er dream'd of blighted friendship, nor of love's forgotten vows.

Thinking—well, 'tis vain to ponder, now that on our brows are falling
The omens of Life's chill winter, on these dreams too bright to last;
Yet perchance within our bosoms some sweet voice is still recalling,
And making green again, old friends, the memories of the past.

For Life or Death—on Skates.

BY A. C. P.

I was one of a party once, consisting of six or seven young Norwegian and English students. It was our intention to skate down the fjord to a village about twenty miles distant from Christiana, and then to return on the ice by moonlight. A charming plan, and one which is calculated to make many a tyro's mouth water, whose skating excursions are necessarily limited by the banks of a small piece of water.

It was a lovely morning when we set out. The sky was of a deep azure blue, equaling in intensity and clearness any I have ever witnessed in more southern climes; the ice was all that the most fastidious could possibly desire; and the feeling that it was not less than three feet in thickness, and that there were no dangerous springs here and there, did not render it the less agreeable. When I add that the fjord was at least two miles in width, and kept getting wider and wider the further we left the town behind us, and that, if we had wished, we could have skated to the open sea, a distance of nearly eighty miles, it will readily be understood that there was no lack of room for the full display of our skating powers. Not that we indulged in any fantastic evolutions; we had a long journey before us, and it was necessary to husband our strength.

Swiftly we sped along, a gentle breeze from the north kindly assisting us, stopping every now and then to pass a word or two with some solitary fisherman, camped out on the ice, under the lee of a piece of sail-cloth rigged upon poles. The fish seemed to be hungry, judging from the quantity of whiting and small cod some of them had in their baskets. Presently, an "ice-ship" passed us with the velocity of an express-train. I had never seen one before; and as many of our readers, doubtless, have never even heard of such vessels, I will briefly describe the one that passed us. It was constructed exactly like an ice-plough—that is, was of a triangular shape, and ran on skates. It carried one large square sail, which could be taken in by letting go the rope that held it. Indeed, this is the only way of stopping these ships, and thus a voyage in them is frequently attended with danger and loss of life; for should one come unawares near the end of the ice, and the wind be high, the only chance of salvation is to throw one's self out on the ice, and risk a broken head, or a dangerous concussion, rather than be carried out into the open water.

After a pleasant journey of three or four hours, for we took it coolly, remembering that we should have the wind against us on our return, we arrived at our destination at about one o'clock, need I say, ravenously hungry. How excellent the hot coffee was—how piquant the smoked salmon—how fragrant the cigar, and how exhilarating the little dash of cognac! Thus the time quickly passed; and it was with a feeling akin to reluctance that we quitted the warm room of the village station for the open fjord once more. And so we set off on our homeward journey, not quite so merry, perhaps, as when we had started, for the sun was down, the wind in our faces, and we a little stiff. Still we went gaily on, at "half-speed," and were disagreeably surprised when about half our journey was completed, to perceive a dense fog gradually stealing over the ice. On and on it came, till at last we were enveloped in an impenetrable mist. Then, for the first time, it flashed across our minds that we were in a fix. How were we to steer? There was no longer a star whereby to shape our course; indeed, the whole sky was shut out from view. What was to be done? Wiser far had we retraced our steps to the village we had left, and passed the night there; but we did not like the idea, and determined to brave it out.

Need I say that we were soon as completely lost as any hunter ever was on trackless prairie or boundless forest. And yet there was something to guide us—the wind; by keeping it on a certain quarter of our faces, we trusted, if it had not shifted a point or two since morning, that we were going at least in the right direction. But why had we no compass with us? Ah! why had we not?

"Keep close together," shouted our leader, as we followed each other in single file, "and mind the holes in the ice!"

There was another danger; for the holes the fishermen made in the morning might not be strong enough to bear a man's weight by night; and though not big enough to let one through, a broken leg might very likely be the result of getting into one of them unawares. Meanwhile the fog grew denser and denser, till at length we were obliged to hold on by each other's coat-tails, somewhat after the fashion of a scaling-party up Mont Blanc. We had been already five hours on the ice, and ought to have been home by that time, had we steered rightly. But there were no signs of human life near; not a sound was to be heard, though we often halted, and strained our ears to catch the voice of some fisherman or other who might be returning home late from his work. A deathly, ominous silence prevailed.

"Well, we are lost," said our leader; "God only knows where we are!"

Now, to be lost out on an open fjord, with the thermometer down twenty degrees below zero, and with a keen north wind blowing—to feel that fatal drowsiness stealing over one, which, if given way to, would prove a sleep of death, is by no means an agreeable predicament to be in. Moving we must keep, no matter in what direction—resting would prove fatal; and so we kept on, hoping we were in the right course still. Presently, we distinctly heard the roaring of a distant cascade: we stopped, and held a consultation.

"Stay! I have it," said our leader; "that is the —— Fors we can hear, and this, therefore, is the —— Creek. Back, back, for your lives!" For he knew that this was the most dangerous ground to be on; it was, in fact, the frozen surface of —— River we were standing upon, the current of which was so swift and fierce, that the ice there was always unsafe. Fear lent speed to our skates, and we did not pause till the sound of the falling water had faded from the senses.

One good, however, resulted from this incident; it enabled us, as we thought, to shape our course for the town. Alas! the hope was a vain one; for after skating for a couple of hours more, we could still perceive no signs of home. It was getting serious. Midnight was already past; anxious friends would be awaiting us at home. I was so fatigued, and so worn out, that I could scarcely get on. I begged and prayed them to let me lie down on the ice, if only for a moment. "No, not for a second!" shouted our leader. "Pull him up, pull him up!" for I was flinging myself down on the ice. A drop of brandy revived me; I verily believe it saved my life.

Presently, through the gloom, we espied a number of dull-looking lights. Was it the town? No, for they were moving. Were they phantom lights, then? No, thank God, kindly human forms were behind them. We were saved! "Hurrah!" we shouted—"hurrah!" and the lights came nearer and nearer; and in a few minutes we were among a crowd of people, whom our friends in town had got to accompany them, to try and save the missing ones. We were still eight miles from town; and I verily believe that had the searching-party not fallen in with us as they did, seven frozen corpses would have been found on the ice next morning.

EVERY-DAY COURTESIES.

The habit of Americans—and of Britons, too—is, when they meet, to introduce a conversation with comments upon the weather. If there happen to be any topic of general interest, it may be introduced; but otherwise the weather remains the staple, and usually a very short staple, too. According to a letter from Japan, they manage this thing—if not better—at least with a greater aim at variety than we do. The letter-writer was walking beyond the town limits for exercise. He overtook two Japanese, and was hesitating whether to address them, when one of them accosted him with the question, "Where are you coming from?" Now, though such a question as this in English is considered as a mark of not very high breeding, in the Japanese mode it is just as proper as for us to say, "A very fine day." The American understood the courtesy of the Japanese, and not only answered the question, but added the information that he was walking for exercise. Walking for exercise is to a Japanese a "foreign air," to which he does not much incline; but still the answer was politely received. Whatever surprise the Japanese might have felt at such an absurd (to them) amusement as walking for the sake of walking, he courteously withheld comment, and made due allowance for the American's curious education.

Question number two from the Japanese, who was not inclined to let the conversation flag, was, "How old are you?" This question is said to be also strictly within Chinese as well as Japanese etiquette. But it would hardly do on Chestnut street, after lifting your hat to a lady, and settling the question of the weather, to proceed to interrogate her upon the date of her nativity. Perhaps Japanese gentlemen do not thus question Japanese ladies. But if Japanese ladies ask each other such questions, it may possibly happen that the code of politeness in Japan covers quite as many "fibs" as in other countries.

The American, having answered as to his own age, put the same query to the Japanese, who must have told something like the truth, since he admitted that he was ten years the older. The next topic was upon the "probabilities," as life insurance agents say, the American and the Japanese discussing how much longer either or both would probably have to live! Of course the Japanese directed the conversation, the American being a curious learner in Japanese customs. It may readily be imagined that such a discussion would take a pretty wide range, including family longevity and various other topics.

Much as nations and individuals differ, it is curious to note how, in habits of address, they resemble each other. In the matter of "small talk," though the form and phrase be different, the importance and utility of what is said are really about the same in all countries. And the intention—which is, after all, the only matter of consequence—is the same. It is simply to be courteous, and to indicate the recognition of each other's existence. The man or woman who can most gracefully and naturally do this will find the world much easier to live in than the "Smellfungus," as Sterne calls him, who walks through life as if he were disgusted with it and all its associations and belongings. The appearance of rudeness or indifference is tolerably sure to bring its penalty sooner or later, and he or she who does not make friends will find some day that of all "ready-made" articles they are the best to keep on hand.

SERPENTS IN CEYLON.

The eye-snake, so called from a supposed habit it has of striking cattle in the eye while grazing, is one of the most beautiful and least repulsive of all snakes. It is about four feet long, of the brightest grass green—the intense green of an English meadow in early Summer. It is very thin, and graceful in its movements; and although very rapid when moving, is so instantaneously rigid when alarmed, and adapts itself so wonderfully to the shape and hue of the grass or reeds amongst which it moves, that, although watching one intently at your feet, it is almost difficult to discriminate between it and the vegetation with which it mingles.

"One day, walking at Kandy," says an English traveler, "I saw what I thought was a large reed or grass of a most beautiful color, standing erect on the road some two or three feet from the bank, and it was not till I could have touched it with my hand that I saw it was an eye-snake coiled up in the road, its head and neck raised about twelve inches from the ground, and as rigid and immovable as if formed of malachite."

Of all the snakes the cobra is the most beautiful, and when erect, with his hood expanded, gracefully moving in time to the music, it is certainly a most striking and fascinating object; its eye, which is in general lustreless and heavy, becomes, under the influence of music, intensely bright and glittering. The eye of the cobra, although so beautiful, is not strong, and cannot bear any bright glare. This was well known to the ancients, who had an idea that the flash of an emerald deprived them of sight. The poison from the fang of a cobra is like one or two drops of laudanum.

The Last Female Political Victim in England.

Among the persons concerned in the Rye House plot was a man name James Burton. By his own confession he had been present when the design of assassination was discussed by his accomplices. When the conspiracy was detected, a reward was offered for his apprehension. He was saved from death by an ancient matron, of the Anabaptist profession, named Elizabeth Gaunt.

This woman, with the peculiar manners and phraseology which then distinguished her sect, had a large charity. Her life was passed in relieving the unhappy of all religious denominations, and she was well known as a constant visitor of the gaols. Her political and theological opinions, as well as her compassionate disposition, led her to do everything in her power for Burton. She procured a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he got on board a ship bound for Amsterdam. At the moment of parting she put into his hand a sum of money which, for her means, was very large.

Burton, after living some time in exile, returned to England with Monmouth, fought at Sedgemoor, fled to London, and took refuge in the house of John Fernley, a barber in Whitechapel. Fernley was poor. He was besieged by creditors. He knew that a reward of £100 was offered by the Government for the apprehension of Burton. But the honest man was incapable of betraying one who, in extreme peril, had come under the shadow of his roof. Unhappily, it was soon noised abroad that the anger of King James was more strongly excited against those who harbored rebels than against rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that of all forms of treason, the hiding of traitors from his vengeance was the most unpardonable.

Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the Government; and he gave information against Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt. They were brought to trial. The villain whose life they had preserved had the heart and forehead to appear as the principal witness against them. They were convicted. Fernley was sentenced to the gallows, Elizabeth Gaunt to the stake.—Even after all the horrors of that year, many thought it impossible that these judgments could be carried into execution. But the King was without pity. Fernley was hanged. Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn. She left a paper, written indeed in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror.

"My fault," she said, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it."

She complained of the insolence of the judges, of the ferocity of the gaoler, and the tyranny of him, the great one of all, to whose pleasure she and so many other victims had been sacrificed. In as far as they had injured herself she forgave them; but in that they were implacable enemies of that good cause which would yet revive and flourish, she left them to the judgment of the King of kings. To the last she preserved a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox. William Penn, for whom exhibitions which humane men generally avoid seem to have had a strong attraction, hastened from Chepside to Tyburn, in order to see Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterwards related that, when she calmly disposed the straw about her in such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, the bystanders burst into tears. It was much noticed that, whilst the foulest judicial murder which had disgraced even those times was perpetrating, a tempest burst forth, such as had not been known since that great hurricane which had raged round the death-bed of Oliver Cromwell. The oppressed Puritans reckoned up, with gloomy satisfaction, the houses which had been blown down, and the ships which had been cast away, and derived some consolation from thinking that Heaven was bearing awful testimony against the iniquity which afflicted the earth. Since that terrible day no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence.

HAIR LOVE.

The absent daughter, married and far away, sends home a tiny curl in a letter—it is that of her first-born. "The softest, silkiest, brightest hair, she verily believes, in all the world! And its dear little head is covered with it like so many rings of gold. Ah, if they could but see it!" Why, it seems but yesterday she was a child herself, the merriest of the household band—the most mischief-loving, provoking, and yet fascinating being one can well imagine. Threats and reproof were alike thrown away upon her; but a fond word would bring her to her mother's side in a moment, all penitence and humility, although, ten to one, the next she was wild as ever. But she became grave all of a sudden, married, and took to housekeeping by instinct, as it were, for she could have had little experience in these matters; but loving makes us apt scholars, and she became a very pattern wife and mother. We need not say how the tiny curl will be kept and prized by the happy grandmother, who wept with joy as she remembered all this. Mindful, at the same time, with the sad experience which is the heritage of old age, of the precariousness of human felicity, and how many as bright buds of fair promise as the golden-haired child were now among the angels of Heaven!

The young soldier, perishing on the field of glory, prays with his dying breath that a lock of his hair may be cut off and sent in remembrance of him to his mother and dear Mary. And when it reaches them, having traveled perhaps hundreds of miles, how sacred and holy is such a relic! We can fancy the aged mother's tears and kisses, and "his Mary" laying it on her heart, and never being known to smile again on earth, although she continues meek and patient to the last.

The death of a beloved object seldom fails to sanctify and make us better—to wean us gently from earth to heaven; such, at least, is the intention of all our afflictions, if we could only but think so; while change and estrangement harden and petrify the affections until they seem turned to stone! "It is a perilous thing," says Frederica Bremer, "when the beloved image in the heart of man is destroyed."

The lover sends a lock of hair to his mistress, friend to friend, parent to child, child to parent. We verily believe this same hair love to be universal, and pregnant with a thousand romantic and touching episodes.

FACETIÆ.

FRETWORK—Vexation of spirit.

A BAD HABIT TO GET INTO—A coat that is not paid for.

EPITAPH FOR A CANNIBAL—"One who loved his fellow-men."

WHY is an industrious woman like a clock? Because her hands are incessantly at work.

"DRIED tongue," was the answer which a minister gave some one who asked him what he had in his carpet-bag, which contained seven sermons.

A. D. 1900. Scene before a cremation undertaker's shop: "Small boy—"I say, sir, is dad done yet? If he is, please put his ashes in this 'ere tin kettle."

ONE of the streams running into Lake Superior is called Temperance river, because it is the only one of all the tributaries of the lake that has no "bar" at its mouth.

A LOUISVILLE man complains that his wife is an inflationist. She blows him up every day, and makes him circulate until he actually feels that he is beyond redemption.

BEAU BRUMMEL, finding himself in pecuniary straits, at once admitted the necessity for retrenchment. "Ah, I see," he said, "I must reduce the rose-water in my bath."

THE couple resolved themselves into a committee of two, with power to add to their number, is what a western paper has the audacity to say concerning a recent happy event.

A SMART young gentleman in Buffalo, aged four years, recently tied crape to the door knob to see if the carriage would take them out riding, as it did the family across the way.

LONDON is laughing very heartily over Dean Stanley's text when he preached to the newly-married Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. It was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

A CLERGYMAN, being annoyed by some of his audience leaving the church while he was speaking, took for his text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After a few sentences, he said, "You will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—It is now discovered that the account of the "balloon" that was found in a tree in North Africa, and supposed to have traveled southward from France during the Franco-German war, is founded on a typographical error. The word should have been printed "baboon."

IN a Scotch journal we find this advertisement: "Wanted, an experienced nurse to take charge of a young child, between thirty and thirty-five years old, of unexceptionable character and good reference. None need apply who cannot produce the best testimonials."

YOUNG lawyers sometimes have an absurd way of identifying themselves with their clients. The other day one of these gentlemen ran that style of speech to its utmost limit by saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, we shall prove that, at the moment the policeman says he saw us pick the complainant's pocket, we were actually locked up in the station house, in a state of intoxication."

FEMALE ASTRONOMERS.—Two housewives in Fifeshire, who had gone out to give the pigs their supper, met at a gate, and naturally took advantage of such a favorable opportunity for a "twa-handed crack."

"Losh, Peggy, woman," said one to the other, "I hear folks say there's a man i' the moon."

"Ou ay," returned Peggy, "I've heard aboot him; but he canna be very fond o' his sin wife, for he's aye glowerin' this way."

A DISTINGUISHED professor was in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and, desiring to go to church, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say:

"Twa shullin', sir."

The professor, fixing his eagle eyes upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman drily answered:

"We wish to discourage traveling on the Sawbath as much as possible, sir."

THE gifted Sargent S. Prentiss once gave a sumptuous dinner to some friends at a hotel in Vicksburg. Early in the evening a stranger entered the room by a mistake. Prentiss courteously invited him to join the party. Before long the stranger guest began boasting of how much he had drank during the day—a cocktail here, a smasher there, a julep in this place, a sling in that, and so on, apparently without end. At length Prentiss said:

"Sir, do you believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "and I do not see that it has anything to do with what we are talking about."

"It has," rejoined Prentiss, "much—much every way. I have a firm faith in that doctrine. I believe that in the next life every man will be transformed into the thing for which he has best qualified himself in this. In that life, sir, you will become a corner gruggery."

THE WAY SMITHSON GOT MARRIED.—Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith) wished to take Miss Brownly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "never spoke of love;" on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor's life. One morning he called, and was admitted.

"Oh, James!" exclaimed Miss Jane; "where have you kept yourself so long?"

This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (ten in number) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage, he said:

"I have to ask you——"

"Not here, James—now—now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you are not engaged——"

"Oh, oh! water, quick!"

"What's that?" inquired her father. "Who says she's engaged?"

"I didn't mean——" said Smithson, in confusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly; "you've always been our favorite!"

And then advancing, and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said:

"Take her; she is a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you both be as happy as the day is long."

Thereupon father, mother, and children crowded around Smithson, and wished him joy; and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

POPULAR ERRORS.

There are many popular fallacies, both in respect to quotations and to circumstances, which we do not ever remember to have seen corrected in any article or essay devoted to the purpose. Many of these errors are used by some of the most eminent literary, and by some of the best educated, men of the day, both in their writings and conversations; and these errors have been consecrated, as it were, by long use. We shall endeavor, in this article, to explain and rectify as many of these fallacies as present themselves to our memory at the moment.

The following lines are usually quoted as if they were to be found in "Hudibras:"

"A man, convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Now, it is impossible to be *convinced* against one's will; and Butler could not have written such an absurdity. The lines should be quoted thus:

"He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still."

A man may *comply* or *consent* to an argument, from motives of courtesy or other reasons; but he could not be *convinced* upon the same terms. Consent is merely the expression of the lips; conviction, that of the mind. We have power over our words, but none over our volition.

The following lines are invariably attributed to Pope:

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

Roscommon was, however, the author of the couplet, which is to be found in one of that nobleman's poems.

Nearly all the publishers (Mr. Murray included) of Lord Byron's works have, until the editions of the last ten or a dozen years, included, amidst the miscellaneous editions of that poet, the celebrated enigma upon the letter H, commencing thus:

"'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell."

The writer of this enigma was a Miss Funshawe, who composed and published a volume of poems many years ago, for a charitable purpose.

The well-known poem entitled "The Devil's Walk," has invariably been attributed to Southey; whereas Southey only wrote two or three stanzas of it, the remainder and principal portion having emanated from the pen of Coleridge, who also conceived the idea.

Charles VII. of France is invariably quoted as the founder of standing armies in the middle ages, whereas the principle commenced with the Ottomans in Asia Minor, in the reign of Urkhan; in whose time Aladdin, the brother and Grand Vizier of this monarch, established a standing army upon a regular footing. The corps of Janizzaries was established at the same period; and this circumstance would alone prove that the initiative honor was not due to the French monarch.

It is generally imagined that the guillotine was invented by Dr. Guillotin, who was himself one of the first to suffer by it; but this idea is erroneous. Guillotin only revived the instrument, which, under the denomination of the *Maid*, had been in vogue some time previously in Scotland.

The visitors to St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome are shown a grand red banner, which nearly all the world believes to be the sacred standard of the Prophet, taken by King Sobieski, of Poland, at the battle of Vienna, in the seventeenth century. Now, the sacred standard of the Prophet Mahomet has never been taken; it is of a dark green color, and that at Rome is red. The standard of the Seraskier, or Ottoman Generalissimo, Kara-Mustapha-Pasha, has been hitherto considered to have been the banner of the Prophet.

In speaking of a person who has arrived to a very great age, a common phrase is to compare him with Methuselah; but the usual and improper expression is, "Oh, he's as old as Methuselem!"

When a low fellow wishes to annoy a gentleman with whom he is quarrelling, he exclaims, "Oh, you are no gentleman!" Now the very reproach itself convinces him against whom it is leveled that he who utters it knows that his adversary is a gentleman, and that he thinks that a denial of the fact will be a means of annoyance. As this is the case, no sensible person ever ought to suffer his temper to be ruffled by such a piece of abuse. The abuser only *affects* to think that the other is not a gentleman, or else the abuse itself would lose its point.

HAND-SHAKING.

How did people get in the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends and acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offence and defence, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapons of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails more or less among all civilized nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and good will, just as a kiss is of a warmer passion. Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen, unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related to them by family or affection—in which cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

NATURAL COMPASS.—It is a well-known fact that in the vast prairies of Texas a little plant is always to be found which under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across those trackless wilds, without a star to guide or compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in an humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

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A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates. On the Third page, after reading matter, Seventy-five cents a line; on Seventh page, Fifty cents a line, agate measurement. Cash to be paid in advance.

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THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen—
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have HOPE. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow:
No night but hath its morn.

Have FAITH. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have LOVE; and not alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light where thou else wert blind.

THE SQUALL.

BY TOM BOWLING.

The pleasure of our passage was much marred by the loss of a man overboard. Within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck us we would be buried in foam and spray, and then heavily rolling on a heavy sea. We, however, prepared ourselves, and soon got everything snug. The light sails were all in—the jibs, topgallants, and spanker furled close—the mainsail clewed up, and we were crashing along under close-reefed topsails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves.

"A man overboard! a man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship.

I sprang upon the quarter-deck just as the poor fellow, with his "fearful human face" riding the top of a billow, fled past. In an instant all was commotion; plank after plank was thrown over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern I seem to hear it yet, he shouted, "In, men—in, men!"

But the poor sailors hung back—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprang to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed.

"Cut away the lashings!" exclaimed the officer. The knife glanced around the ropes—the boat fell to the water—rose on a huge wave far above the deck, and drifted rapidly astern.

I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea; but the officer who held the helm was a skillful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked, and for a moment I forgot the danger in admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect—the helm in his hand—his flashing eye embracing the whole peril at a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea, which otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, where they lay-to to look for the lost sailor.

Just then I turned my eye to the southern horizon, and saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it, and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that in all his sea life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and, springing into the shrouds, waived it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal, and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave.

It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could.

I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon between the black waters and the blacker heavens was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between it and us appeared, at intervals, that little boat like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away, apparently engulfed forever. One moment the squall would seem to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress. As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew now settling the question for life and death to themselves and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sank away she carried my heart down with her, and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror—the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray.

The captain knew, as he afterwards said, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and springing up the rattlings, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "Pull away, my brave boys, the squall is coming—give way, my heroes!" and the bold fellows did "give way" with a will.

I could see their oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprang to their strokes down the billows like a panther on the leap. On, she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on, but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head, as if in delight to find her shelter again. The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good will on a rope as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck not a question was asked—nor report given—but "*Forward, men!*" broke from the captain's lips.

The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred yards off) the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows.

The poor sailor was gone—he came not back again. We saw him no more—and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and left us with sad and serious hearts.

THE BOUDOIR.

FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

The sudden transition from the gray, cold days of Spring, (which have demanded winter clothes and furs) to almost Summer oppressiveness, has led every one into a minute examination of their last season's wardrobe, to see *just* how great preparation they were to make for a sudden exodus to the country. With many "the country" means—the old farm-house; a cottage by itself, or some inland resort, where Fashion in excess seldom journeys. For those we open our notes this week, with a few items regarding

SEASONABLE SUITS.

In the first place, the idea that one must have so many changes of raiment, and those so costly, is one of the errors of the day. People in the country do not give so much of their time and attention to outer adorning as those in town; and one may wear the same suit many times without being thought passe.

No prettier traveling suit can be gotten up, than those in gray linen, finished with trimmings in blue, brown, white or black.

Linen suits this season are made plainer, and not so much of a terror to the average laundress as last season.

Nothing seems more inappropriate than a dress in wash goods, trimmed in puffs, a multiplicity of ruffles and loopings that cannot be undone; or to iron them nicely is impossible, and what, pray, more tawdry than a furbelowed dress, full of wrinkles, from the wringer.

A pretty suit in linen that we would recommend, is made with a deep, scant flounce at the bottom of the skirt; headed with a band of blue linen, and the bottom of the flounce bound with it. A deep basque, both back and front, almost joining points so sharp are they cut, formed pretty scallops bound with blue; a round apron, scalloped and bound, tied under a pouf of the main skirt, and all so arranged as to form a plain, straight dress for the wash.

CALICO SUITS

will form another important part of the wardrobe of the country tourist, and a description of calico and percale suits in our notes of last week, will prove a sufficient hint for the present.

WHITE SUITS,

in cross-barred muslin, will be the favorite white suits; pique, Marseilles, and goods of those brands, have suddenly been discovered to possess an immense amount of heat. Cross-bar is thin; it's cool; it's durable; and washes, oh, so elegantly! These will be made with ruffles and side-plaitings of the barr, for trimming; and the polonaise will prove the favorite cut for them.

GRENADINE SUITS,

both in black and colors were never so popular as to-day. The colors are usually mounted upon lawn, or some material having more body than the grenadine itself. Black, to be nice, must be made over black silk. The larger the mesh, the higher the price, and the most fashionable grenadine is quite like the canvas used for samplers in school-days of olden time. Grenadines also come in alternate stripes of thick and thin, called the lace-stripe; and still another, watered, which has much the appearance of silk.

These are used almost entire for overdresses and flouncings; the plain iron mesh being more appropriate for the main dress.

LACE STRIPES

are to be found fashioning everything, and we see muslin with one stripe woven in lace-work; and batistes, which have been so popular for seasons past, puts forward new claims to beauty this season with lace stripes.

IN HATS,

hair and lace are in great demand, and both are beaded largely. Crowns of lace, with beautiful patterns beaded in, can be purchased ready for putting upon the lace foundation. These are entirely new, and can but become instantly popular.

LACE SACQUES

were never so stylish or so much worn as now, and these, too, are made in stripes alternating of lace and watered ribbon lace and velvet; and a novelty is, fine yak alternating with rows of fine braid, the same as used for gentleman's coat-binding, and this is thickly studded with jets. In all cases these sacques are edged with yak or guipure lace; and if one is straight and with narrow shoulders, bows and long ends of velvet or watered ribbon are attached to the neck with a fine jet buckle.

TIES FOR THE NECK.

The latest are long in *crepe du chene*, and lain in five or six tiny pleats for the neck, held in place by baste-threads on the wrong side. The ends are sufficiently long to knot nicely, and in the knot is always placed a buckle or flower. The ends have bars or medallions of Valenciennes or Italian, and an edge of the same borders the entire tie.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORENCE SNOW. There are preparations that will remove freckles, pimples, &c., but you could hardly expect us to recommend cosmetics here.

MABEL GARDNER. Get a black hair or chip hat; the opera is a favorite style; as you are so dark, trim it up with black beaded net, and lemon-colored flowers; the flowers around the crown very fine and lying on a bed of green leaves, and a cluster of larger flowers at the back, not forgetting the white pleated ruching inside the front, now worn by everyone.

TROUBLED MOTHER. You can get a splendid suit in *regulation* gray, made in latest style, for your five year old boy, for $10; linen suits much cheaper; should advise the cloth for the changes of traveling, and the linen when settled in your country home.

LITTLE GIRL OF FIFTEEN. Comb your hair all together; tie low on your neck, and braid in one strand. Tie a ribbon close to your head on your braid, and another at the bottom; and, if you wish, a bow of the same on the top of your head.

ALICE ETHEL.

HYPOCHONDRIACS.—There are some people who hate everything that is bright. Had they made the world, the skies would always have been lead color; the flowers always black; the grass a sickly blue; and the sun would have shone but dimly, if at all. This, to be sure, is only a form of insanity; but it none the less sprinkles like a wet blanket upon that healthful cheerfulness which should be the atmosphere of the household. Let us guard against the gradual approaches of this mirth extinguisher.

LOVE in all its shapes implies sacrifices. Much must be conceded, much endured, if we would love.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Lena Hilgar was a wayward, beautiful, and accomplished girl of nineteen, more admired, more petted, and oftener sought in marriage than any other girl of her own aristocratic and fashionable set.

The only child of an old father, who had humored her every whim from babyhood, one would suppose Lena to be a spoiled creature, doting on fashions, balls, and beaux; but it was not exactly so, although she certainly was exceedingly fond of all three, dressed in the most stylish manner, went to all of the upper-tendom entertainments, and had more lovers than she could conveniently manage.

Her father, the Hon. Ernest Hilgar, had always possessed great wealth, by inheritance; was a man of fine culture, and such great popularity that his admirers had sent him to represent his native State in the Senate, and there, as an orator and upright man, he had won great distinction, a distinction he never sought, for he much preferred a quiet life upon his estates.

But, at length, after his fortieth year, he was taken captive by the sunny smiles of a lovely girl of seventeen, whose sound sense and womanly manners won upon the Senator, and caused him to ask her to become his wife, an honor which she accepted, for the noble traits of Mr. Hilgar were well known to the fair maiden, who had admired and loved him from her earliest girlhood, for he was a frequent visitor at her father's house.

In spite of the disparity of years, the marriage was one of pure love, and proved one of happiness, until Mrs. Hilgar, in giving to her husband a tiny daughter, was taken forever from her cheerful home.

Considering his little daughter a miniature remembrance of his lost wife, the Senator gave to her almost an idolatrous worship, and as she grew in years, he nurtured and cared for her with the jealous love of a father whose sunshine in life came through Lena's presence.

With anxious eyes he watched her brilliant course as a belle, and fearful lest some unworthy object might gain her affection—for

"Woman's love will often,
Like the ivy, cling
Around a base and worthless thing"—

Mr. Hilgar was most particular to keep from her pathway men whom his personal knowledge told him were unbefitting company for a pure woman.

About the time that Lena had reached her nineteenth year, and was in the zenith of her beautiful maidenhood, there came to the city where she resided a young man, accompanied by his sister, a lovely young widow, and her little girl, a fair creature of nine years of age.

From whence came Arthur Lennox none knew, and all that was known of him was that he had rented a small, but cosy and comfortable, vine-clad cottage in the outskirts of the city, and that his sister, Mrs. Preston, was his housekeeper.

Appearances bespoke moderate circumstances existing in the Lennox circle, but without any exertion upon their part, the ring of select society opened to them, and they found themselves much sought after, for, besides being a lovely woman, Mrs. Preston was accomplished in many ways, possessing a voice of rare culture and power, while her brother, a young man of twenty-eight or thirty, was finely formed, graceful, and had something in his face that denoted genius and intellect of a superior order.

By some means or other, Arthur Lennox opened a small bank account with Mr. Hilgar, for that gentleman was senior member of the banking firm of Hilgar & Hazell, and struck with the appearance of the young man, the Senator had invited him to call at his house, an invitation which was accepted, and thereby commenced a friendship between the two families, for Lena had immediately called upon Mrs. Preston.

So non-committal was Arthur Lennox regarding his own affairs, that Lena or her father never cared to ask him about his former life, until one day the young man, upon calling, surprised the heiress deep in the pages of a new novel, and one which was creating considerable excitement in the literary world.

"You like the book?" asked Arthur, taking a seat beside the maiden.

"More than anything I have ever read, and do you know that were I to meet the author, I am nearly I would love him, for his language, his sentiments, all combined, really cause me to feel a deep interest in him. Is it not a shame that the author is not known?"

The pale face of Arthur Lennox flushed slightly, and the dark, earnest eyes gazed deep down into the blue orbs of his fair companion, as he answered:

"Perhaps it may be an authoress."

"No, no, indeed; no woman ever wrote thus, for, without disparaging my own sex, I must say the language is too powerful, the thought too strong for a woman."

"And yet you may be mistaken."

"Yes—but I will tell you a secret, for this is the second time I am reading the book,—I wrote to the publishers and asked them who was the author."

"And their reply was——"

"That the author would not permit the name being given to the public yet awhile. Now, if it was a woman, would they not have said *authoress?*"

"Perhaps not, for the word is now commonly used for each sex, and you notice the publishers did not say *his* or *her* name."

"Yes, and I would give the world to know."

Between Arthur Lennox and Lena Hilgar there soon existed a most devoted friendship, one which the jealous father watched with careful eye, for he flattered himself that there existed in his daughter's heart a deeper interest for the young man than she would admit, and though he would not put a veto upon an affection springing up between them, yet he preferred other gentlemen, whom he well knew that Lena could marry, if she but gave them the slightest hope.

The anniversary of Lena's nineteenth birthday came, and in her honor her father gave a grand ball, to which were invited the very *elite* of the city.

It was a gorgeous affair, and one long remembered by the participants in the gay scene, for the following day a financial simoon, so common in this country, swept over the land, and the banking house of Hilgar & Hazell came down with the crash, a total ruin.

Honorable to the last, however, Ernest Hilgar held his head bravely up amid the *debris* of his wrecked fortunes, and by disposing of property here and there, selling the grand old mansion, furniture and all, he nobly paid every liability owed by the firm, and in his old age departed from his life of wealth and luxury to one of comparative seclusion and poverty—a home in a small house in the city's suburbs.

With the loss of wealth came the loss of friends—so called,—and Lena soon found that very few of the gilded butterflies of society, who had fluttered through her gorgeous saloons in the dance, came to visit her in her humble one-story cottage. She also discovered that wealth, and not beauty altogether, had drawn her numerous admirers, the "curled darlings" of the fashionable world, to her feet; for seeking the hand of Lena Hilgar, the heiress, and Lena Hilgar, the poor girl, were two very different things; and hence few of her gentlemen friends, who had drank costly wines in her house, and smoked fragrant cigars sufficient to keep them in clothes, cared to visit her when not lured on by such costly temptations to satiate the palate.

But it was "the way of the world," and the father and daughter bore up bravely in their misfortunes, comforted by a few true friends, among whom were Arthur Lennox and his lovely sister, who immediately had sought out the humble cottage, and begged that they might be of assistance.

"And pardon me, Miss Hilgar," said Mrs. Preston, "if I offer a suggestion, which is, that you will devote your time to giving lessons in drawing and music, for I am most anxious to have my little Berta take lessons on the piano and in drawing, and you know you are most thorough in both."

The eyes of Lena filled with tears, and Mr. Hilgar coughed to clear his throat, as he said:

"Mrs. Preston, this is indeed kind of you, for many have wondered what my daughter was to do for a support, and your suggestion settles the question."

"I made it in pure friendship, for I heard that your health, sir, was entirely broken down; and I would add that you would confer a favor upon my brother if you would accept the use of his piano, which is boxed up and stored in a warehouse; for mine being the smaller one we selected it as more suitable for our house."

"Mr. Lennox has a piano, then. Why, does he play?" asked Lena, in suprise.

"Assuredly; I am astonished you have never heard him, for he has a splendid tenor voice, and the piano I spoke of he received as a prize for being the best performer in a musical club, of which he is a member."

The suggestion of Mrs. Preston was accepted with kindness, and the following day the piano arrived and was put up in the small parlor; and, commencing with little Berta, Lena soon had a number of scholars sent to her not altogether through kindness, but because anxious parents well knew her abilities, and were desirous of having their children well taught.

Thus one school quarter passed away, and during that time Arthur Lennox and Lena Hilgar were much together; in fact, they had become lovers, and, with the sanction of the Senator, were engaged; for Mr. Hilgar had observed that the young people devotedly loved each other, and he was assured that no nobler man than his anticipated son-in-law lived.

The marriage day came, and in the parlors of the cottage were assembled the few true friends who had not deserted the Hilgars in their change of fortune.

The ceremony was read by the minister, and the bride, beautiful in traveling suit and hat, stood with her husband, awaiting the blessing of her father.

"My friends," began Mr. Hilgar, in a trembling tone, "you are all aware that appearances are often deceitful, and in this case they are assuredly so.

"Some time since, the firm of which I was a member failed, through the mismanagement of a large speculation in which we had invested; and the result was that I sold all of my available property in the city to pay up our liabilities.

"A friend then entered the head of Lena, to sift the chaff from the wheat among her friends; and we then moved to these humble quarters, and I assure you the change certainly has taught us both a lesson in human nature; for before me now I behold all that remained our friends out of our former wide-spread circle, in our adversity.

"But, though I lost two hundred thousand and more in my failure, I assure you it did not otherwise affect me, as I have now, and had then, property in New York and other cities quadruple the value of my losses, and when my old family mansion was sold, I bought it in through another party, and having had it thoroughly refitted and refurnished, present it to-day as a wedding gift to my daughter, with a check of one hundred thousand dollars to her husband."

Had an earthquake happened just then, it would not have created more surprise upon all than did the words of the old Senator, who, with Lena, enjoyed immensely the joke, while upon the faces of Arthur Lennox and his sister a strange look rested.

"Mr. Hilgar, to you and to our friends here, I have also something to say," said Arthur, after a hurried whispered conference with his sister.

"I came to your city unknown, and the hand of fellowship was held forth to me, although I was a stranger and believed to be a poor man; but in my case, as with Mr. Hilgar, appearances are deceitful; for I sought, with my sister, not an humble home from necessity, but from a desire to in retirement carry on my work, for I am an author by profession, and wrote the book which I am thankful to you all for so highly commending; while pecuniarily I am not a 'poor scribbler,' but possessed of considerable wealth. Am I forgiven the deception? And you, Lena, are you disappointed in knowing that the author you so much admired and your husband are one and the same person?"

A glad cry, a kiss, was the answer; and the young couple started upon their bridal tour, to return a month after, and move into the grand old mansion of the Hilgars, where in luxury and happiness they now live, the envy of those who respected and sought them for interest alone and deserted Lena in her supposed distress.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little villages are nearer to being atoms of shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are stilled, and little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

"Everybody," says a writer, "calls that little they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect little bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210 lbs.; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but little?"

Multum in parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember the longest.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive, and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

R. Y. O., (New London, Conn.) March 14, 1846, fell on Saturday, and January 10, 1845, on Sunday.

PUZZLED. The quotation, "I am a man more sinned against than sinning," that has been puzzling you where to place, you will find in Shakespeare's "King Lear," Act III., Scene 2.

IN DOUBT. You need not be in doubt any longer; you are only wasting your time; for if a man cannot make up his mind in five years, he is not likely to do so in ten. You should give him up at once, and get your letters back.

LADY ISABEL. If the rust has eaten into your knives, you will not be able to eradicate the marks; but if the rust is only on the surface, you may remove it by the help of a little sweet oil; after which they should be well polished.

EMILY M., (Camden, N. J.) Never mind what people say about your looks and features. When a sensible young man is on the lookout for a wife, he will be sure to select a sensible girl, and will not be over particular as to color of eye, shape of nose, and mouth, teeth, hair, etc.

W. T. L., (Norristown.) India rubber can be softened, but not dissolved, by boiling water; it is also insoluble in alcohol. In pure ether, rectified native naptha, and coal-tar oil, it dissolves, and is left unchanged on the evaporation of the solvent. Oil of turpentine also dissolves it, forming a viscid, adhesive mass, which dries very imperfectly.

ALFRED. Of course we sympathize with you in the trouble you are in, owing to your being afflicted with a red nose; but when such does not arise from intemperate habits, as you assure us it does not in your case, then it either proceeds from indigestion or scorbutic affection. In either case, your best plan will be to consult a medical practitioner.

ARTHUR GRAVES. Our advice to you would be to give up thinking about the girl, as there seems to us no probability whatever of your ever being able to find her again; and the very fact of her having so completely kept you in the dark as to her place of residence, and even her real name, shows that she did not reciprocate your feelings toward her.

M. E. C., (Keokuk, Ohio.) "What do the French initials R. S. V. P. mean? Also, J. B. S. M.? I am no French scholar, so come to you for the information." R. S. V. P. stand for the sentence, "Repondez S'il vous plait," which means, "Answer, if you please." What the other initials, J. B. S. M., signify, we confess our utter ignorance. We never heard of them before.

TOURVILLE RETLINE, (Germantown.) The only way that we can suggest to you to get the image of one young man out of your heart is to place that of another one there; and as the old proverb says, "Two of a trade can never agree," so two lovers in one heart will be sure to fall out, and in your case the first will have to give way to the second. Just try this plan, and let us know, for the benefit of others, how it works.

CLERK, (Newark, N. J.) "Please explain to me what is the Clearing House in New York city, and what business is done there?" The Clearing House is an institution supported by the banking associations of the city, at which all balances are made in the questions of the day between the banks. It is intended to expedite the work of the clerks, and preserve the credit of each bank by daily exhibits of their monetary and other transactions.

A YOUNG READER, (Norwich, N. Y.) We really see nothing whatever to blame the old gentleman for, in his objecting to his daughter forming a matrimonial engagement with you, at your age—seventeen. You being so young, and not possessing any private means, and also just entering upon the practice of your profession, can well afford to wait a few years. Go to work bravely, practice economy, and you will come out all right in the long run.

ACTOR, (Hamilton, N. J.) The first theatre ever erected was that of Bacchus at Athens, which was built by Philon, B. C. 420. The ruins of this theatre are still to be seen. The first royal license for a theatre in England was one to Shakespeare, dated 1597, and gave him permission to act plays at the Globe Theatre, Blackfriars, or in any other part of England. A species of play, however, called "Mysteries" was acted in England long before Shakespeare's time.

GOLDEN HAIR. We perfectly coincide with what your mother says about the insane notion you have taken into your head of "trying your fortune upon the stage." The stage is not a fit place for a girl to "seek her fortune," by any manner of means; and it would be far better and far wiser for you to heed the advice of your mother, and continue to seek your living quietly, as you are now doing, rather than rush, like a giddy moth, into all the glare and glitter of the stage.

N. S. H. "How long after the death of my mother should I wait to get married, my wedding having been postponed on account of such death?" One year is the shortest period, and as much longer as one's own sense of propriety may dictate. Every such case, however, must to some extent be determined according to the special circumstances which surround it. In some cases the period may, without any impropriety, be reduced according to all the circumstances of the occasion.

SCHOOL GIRL. We are ashamed of you, we must say, only fourteen years of age, and you say you have already three young gentlemen who are paying you attentions! What are your parents about that they permit such folly, and that they do not keep you somewhat within the bounds of prudence? Take our advice, and dismiss your lovers for at least two or three years, and turn your mind to educating yourself so that when you reach the proper time for you to marry, you may be qualified to fill the office of a wife.

NIL DESPERANDUM. Yours is a very good motto to be sure; but to press your attentions upon a young lady when she unmistakably has given you to understand that they are repulsive to her, is not only a want of etiquette, but of common sense. Faint heart never won a fair lady, never was intended to mean that the bold and importunate would succeed after the proposal had been decisively declined. We would advise you to take the lady at her word, as she will not have you for a lover, it is useless and unbecoming of you to persevere.

JOHN COOKE. Your penmanship is good enough for book-keeping; but we are sorry we cannot say as much for your spelling. 2d. We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising you, or indeed any one, in the matter of leaving any one locality and going to another, with the idea of bettering himself in business by the change. None but those who are personally and intimately acquainted with the parties themselves contemplating such a change, are qualified, or should venture to take upon themselves the responsibility of giving advice.

JOHN SMITH. "Can you kindly tell me what is the best book for me to teach myself the German language without the aid of a teacher? Situated as I am at present, it is impossible for me to get a teacher, and I am anxious to learn German." The best book we know of for the purpose of self-instruction in German is "Ahn's New Practical and Easy Method of Learning German, with Pronunciation, by J. C. Ochsenlehrer." This work is published by E. Steiger, New York city, from whom you could get it by applying direct, or through the Central News Co., 305 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

T. O. W., (Baltimore, Md.) You say that, though in the company of your own sex you are self-possessed and never at a loss what to say, when in the presence of young ladies you become completely lost, ashamed and confused, and wish to know how you can get over this. This is by no means an unusual failing, and can only be overcome by a resolute exercise of the will; by saying, as it were, to oneself, "I will pluck up courage," and then by dashing into the midst of the conversation. There may be some awkward floundering at first; but the more frequently the experiment is tried, the more easy it will become.

REPENTANT. You say that in a moment of pique and resentment at some fancied slight, you quarrelled with your lover and broke off your engagement; but now you wish to retract this "breaking off," and do not know how you can manage it. You are in a very awkward position, you must allow. Suppose you were to let the young man know that you repent your withdrawing from the engagement, and he were to retort that he was glad of the withdrawal, and felt no inclination to renew the engagement, what a humiliation it would be to you, and how powerless you would be to resent it! All that you can do is just to bide your time, and trust to his making advances toward a reconciliation, which, if he really loves you, he will do sooner or later.

A. E. W., (Portland, Me.) You would be acting very wrong indeed, if you were to give up your present steady employment for the purpose of becoming an actor. The praises of your talents in that line which you say your friends give you, you must not rely upon as any good and sufficient arguments to induce you to take such a step. They are most probably uttered with the good-natured desire not to hurt your feelings by a frank and truthful expression of their real opinions. Any man of your age, with a good situation, and a family to support, who can seriously contemplate giving up his business for the purpose of "going on the stage, by the advice of his friends," must either be sadly lacking in judgment or else be laboring under a temporary hallucination.

UNHAPPY WIFE. From what you tell us, we are much afraid that the domestic troubles you tell us of are caused just as much by errors on your own part as by those on your husband's part. The grand mistake you have been making is trying to rule, or appearing to rule, your husband. You should try to lead him, and not rule; in every reasonable thing comply with his wishes; comply is not the word—acquiesce. It is not submission, but sympathy of taste and feeling that is wanted between husband and wife. As far as possible, anticipate his wishes. Above all, let every altercation be carefully avoided; but if such must occur, let it never be before company; nothing is so detestable as a squabble between husband and wife. Act upon this advice, and let us know its practical results in about six months' time from now.

J. K. D., (Joliet, Ills.) "In a paper, the other day, I read that my State (Illinois) was called by some people the 'Sucker State.' Can you inform me what was the origin of this title?" The origin of this term, "Sucker State," is said to have been as follows: the western prairies are in many places full of the holes made by the crawfish, which descends to the water beneath. In early times, when travelers wended their way over these immense plains, they very prudently provided themselves with a long, hollow reed, and when thirsty, they thrust it into these natural artesians, and thus easily supplied themselves with water. The crawfish well generally contained pure water, and the manner in which the traveler drew forth the refreshing element gave him the name of "sucker."

J. R. (Philadelphia.) You certainly committed an exceedingly improper act in sitting at an open window, looking on a public street, and thereby attracting the notice of young men, who naturally fancied you were sitting there expressly to be admired. When you found that you were attracting their notice, you should at once have retired from so equivocal a position. We grant that it seems hard that a young lady cannot sit at an open window in warm weather, for instance, because some impertinent fellow should stop to stare at her; but when she knows that by doing so she exposes herself to such impertinence, and that such conduct is not considered ladylike, she must just make a virtue of necessity, and deny herself an indulgence which is not only provocative of insult, but of severe and ill-natured remarks.

J. S. G., (Hallowell, Me.) It is a mooted question whether the English, under Edward III., employed cannon, for the first time in European warfare, at the battle of Crecy, fought August 26, 1346. Froissart, the chronicler, in his published account of the battle, makes no mention of such an important innovation in the art of war, as it then must have been, though it is asserted by no less distinguished an authority than the late Emperor of the French, in a work on Artillery, of which he was the author, that Froissart had left a MS. to that effect, which settled the question beyond all dispute. Villani, another chronicler and a contemporary of Froissart's, also intimates that cannon were used by the English. It may be mentioned, as a very curious fact, that notwithstanding these statements by Froissart and Villani, none of the old English historians mention the employment of cannon by their countrymen in this celebrated battle, where the Black Prince won his spurs.

UNHAPPY. We cannot too strongly urge the duty of young people, in forming engagements, to first consult their parents, whose love and friendship for them have been tried and proved through all their past lives. When a young man differs in his choice with his parents, he should subject his attachment to the test of time. This, in your case, you say has been done, and he still is as deeply attached to you as ever; but his father is as opposed to the match as at first. The only obstacle which stands in the way of your lover's wishes is the fact of your being comparatively poor, and this is what makes his father disapprove of the match. We do not think that it is either wise or prudent for the old man to refuse his consent on such grounds, when he sees that his son is so steadily bent upon the union. As you are both of age, and free to choose for yourselves, if further opposition on the part of the father still continues, you would be fully justified in securing your own happiness without his consent, after so long a trial of your mutual affection. This is of course on the understanding that, though the young man is poor, still he has sufficient means and reliable income wherewith to support you in tolerable comfort.

ENGINEER, (Rumsey, Ky.) "What is considered a horse-power when applied to a steam engine? I have put this question to several persons that I thought ought to know, but can get no satisfactory explanation. I shall be very much obliged by your giving me some information in your valuable paper, which would prove of service to others besides myself." Horse-power was a unit of force, introduced by Watt, to enable him to determine what size of engine to send to his customers, to supersede the number of horses which the new power was to replace. Watt ascertained that the average force exerted by the strongest horse in one of the London breweries was sufficient to raise 32,000 pounds one foot high in a minute; thus an engine of 20 horse power would be a full equal to that of 200 horses, each living 24 hours, to one foot high per minute. In modern practice, however, owing to various modifications and all-sources made for friction and other things, the term "horse-power" has ceased to have a definite meaning. It is made now to mean rather to the size of the cylinder than to the power exerted, and the value of the unit has been so varied that a horse-power may imply 22,000 or 44,000 or 66,000 pounds, raised one foot high per minute.

INDIANAN. Mrs. writes us a very savage kind of a letter, as her husband has been grumbling at some of her shillings and dozen shoe's bills, we presume, and because he has been running down the breed of dress and fashion, which he says all women are possessed of, she evidently thinks that all men think the same as he does. We, for ourselves, must say we don't. We never mind "growls" with the women for spending the fashions, for it is their business to be beautiful; and to be really beautiful in our civilized life, they must be well dressed as well as well educated. Men, as a rule, do not study the first one of these points; they have them made for them by those who are paid for it, or who have nothing more important with which to employ their time. Men, in their dress, must consult their convenience and comfort. Women, on the other hand, with their many refined instincts are obliged to pay constant attention to the art of dressing, and when they adorn themselves they only gratify a natural taste. This is so far recognized that society not only allows but encourages it, and the men are just as free with the most strongly expressed their appreciation of what ministers as much to their own vanity as it adds to the pleasure and—shall we say it?—vanity of the fair sex. But who can deny that all men, grave and grumble as some of them may and do, experience a keen delight in seeing their wives dressed in the best possible taste, even though they have to foot the bills for the same. The last time that our correspondent's husband expressed his opinion on the subject to us he had been doing, we would recommend her just to show him what we have long said.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.

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